

HISTORICAL SKETCH: WITH EXERCISES AT DEDICATION OF
MONUMENT & RE-UNION CAMP FIRE OF 156TH N. Y.
VOL. INF., GETTYSBURGH, SEPT. 17, 18, 1889

Gc
973.74
N42neb
1755437

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 00822 4625



HISTORICAL SKETCH:

WITH

EXERCISES AT DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

AND

RE-UNION CAMP FIRE

OF

150TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,

GETTYSBURGH, SEPT. 17, 18, 1889.

PUBLISHED BY THE

MONUMENT COMMITTEE OF THE 150TH NEW YORK
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY:

ALFRED E. SMITH,

WILLIAM K. WOODIN,

OBED WHEELER,

GEORGE H. WILLIAMS,

SENECA HUMISTON.

NC

1773-1777



HISTORICAL SKETCH:

WITH

EXERCISES AT DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

AND

RE-UNION CAMP FIRE

OF

150TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,

GETTYSBURGH, SEPT. 17, 18, 1889.

PUBLISHED BY THE

MONUMENT COMMITTEE OF THE 150TH NEW YORK
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY:

ALFRED B. SMITH,

WILLIAM R. WOODIN,

OSBORN WHEELER,

GEORGE H. WILLIAMS,

SENECA HUMISTON.

F New York infantry. *150th regt.*, 1862-1865.

8349 Historical sketch: with exercises at dedication of monu-
.5817 ment and re-union camp fire of 150th New York volunteer
infantry, Gettysburgh, Sept. 17, 18, 1889. [Poughkeepsie,
N. Y.] Monument committee of the 150th New York volun-
teer infantry [1889]

99, th p. illus. 23^{cm}.

CHIEF CARD

1. U. S.—Hist.—Civil war—Regimental histories—N. Y. inf.—150th.
2. Gettysburg, Battle of, 1863. I. Title.

17-20619

Recat

163618

Library of Congress

E523.5.150thN



2d and 3d Brigades.

First Division.

12th and 20th Corps.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The 150th Regiment N. Y. Volunteer Infantry, was raised in Dutchess County, New York, as a county regiment. It was started by a resolution of the board of Supervisors of the county offering to pay \$50 bounty to each man who would enlist in a Dutchess County Regiment.

Alfred B. Smith was sent to Albany, August 23, 1862, and obtained permission from Governor Morgan (for the executive war committee,) of whom Hon. James Emott was chairman, to raise a county regiment, camp to be located at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The committee consisted of Hon. James Emott, B. J. Lossing, Hon. Ambrose Wager, Hon. James H. Weeks, Hon. Stephen Baker, Hon. Wm. Kelly, Judge Joseph F. Barnard, Hon. John H. Ketcham and Hon. George W. Sterling.

On the 10th and 11th of October, 1862, the regiment was mustered into the United States service, and left the next day for the field. It was officered by young men representing the best families in the county, and no quarrels or jealousy among them ever marred its usefulness or destroyed its discipline. It never retreated an inch before the enemy.

The officers of the regiment were :

Colonel, John H. Ketcham.

Lieutenant Colonel, Charles G. Bartlett.

Major, Alfred B. Smith.

Surgeon, Cornelius N. Campbell.

Assistant Surgeon, Stephen G. Cook.

2d Assistant Surgeon, Henry Pearce.

Quartermaster, George R. Gaylord.

Adjutant, Wm. Thompson.

COMPANY A.

Captain, Joseph H. Cogswell; 1st Lieutenant, Henry Gridley; 2nd Lieutenant, James P. Mabbett.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Robert McConnell; 1st Lieutenant, Albert Johnson; 2nd Lieutenant, Robert C. Tripp.

COMPANY C.

Captain, Henry A. Gildersleeve; 1st Lieutenant, E. P. Welling; 2nd Lieutenant, Rowland Marshall.

COMPANY D.

Captain, William R. Woodin; 1st Lieutenant, Robert G. Mooney; 2nd Lieutenant, Frank Mallory.

COMPANY E.

Captain, Andris Brant; 1st Lieutenant, Obed Wheeler; 2nd Lieutenant, Perry W. Chapman.

COMPANY F.

Captain, John L. Green; 1st Lieutenant, S. V. R. Cruger; 2nd Lieutenant, Pulaski Bowman.

COMPANY G.

Captain, Edward A. Wickes; 1st Lieutenant, DeWitt C. Underwood; 2nd Lieutenant, John Sweet.

COMPANY H.

Captain, Platt M. Thorn; 1st Lieutenant, William S. Van Keuren; 2nd Lieutenant, Charles J. Gaylord.

COMPANY I.

Captain, Benjamin S. Broas; 1st Lieutenant, Richard Titus; 2nd Lieutenant, David B. Sleight.

COMPANY K.

Captain, John S. Scofield; 1st Lieutenant, Michael Corcoran; 2nd Lieutenant, Wade H. Steenburgh.

The companies were not all recruited to the maximum, there being about 875 men present for muster.

The regiment was detained in Baltimore during the fall, and winter of 1862-3, doing guard duty in that city.

being attached to the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 8th Army Corps, under Generals Wool and R. C. Schenck. It left that city June 25th, 1863, at first brigaded with 1st Maryland Eastern Shore and 1st Maryland Potomac Home Brigade, as Lockwood's Brigade. It reached Gettysburg on the second day of the fight a little after daylight, and lay on Rock Creek on the right of our army until about 6 o'clock P. M., when it, with the first division of the 12th Corps, (to which it had been attached by an order issued while at Monocacy, on Monday, June 29th, but on account of other troops and trains occupying the bridge and roads, it could not reach its corps till the morning of the second day of the battle), marched across to the left of our line to help General Sickles. The regiment charged with fixed bayonets, over dead and dying. The shells flew lively, but no one was hit. The exhausted troops in front retook their positions, and on retiring from the corrected lines three companies of the regiment drew off four guns of artillery that had been captured by the enemy, but which they had abandoned on retiring before the re-enforced lines. The pieces belonged to Bigelow's Battery. At the dawn of day on the 3rd, this regiment, with the 107th N. Y., supported a battery on the Baltimore pike, which shelled the woods about Spangler's Spring and Culp's Hill, and on the right of the line of works abandoned by the 1st division the night before on going to assist General Sickles.

Soon after, at 6:30 o'clock A. M., the regiment went in on Culp's Hill, held the works for about two hours, and then was relieved for an hour; the regiment went in again and held the line till the enemy retired from that position, where it took 200 prisoners. In the afternoon it marched to the top of Cemetery Hill to re-enforce that line, meeting several thousand prisoners on the top of the hill. Pickett's charge being over, the regiment was placed on the right again, and there was no more fighting. It lost seven killed, twenty-four wounded, and fif-

teen missing at Gettysburg. The regiment continued as Lockwood's Brigade (3rd Brigade), until the army reached Harper's Ferry, when the two Maryland regiments did not go further, and the 150th was put into Ruger's 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 12th Corps, which afterwards was the 3d Brigade, same division. Its associate regiments in the brigade were the 2d Massachusetts, 3d Wisconsin, 27th Indiana, 13th New Jersey and 107th New York.

It went with the Army of the Potomac down to Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock, where it suffered severely from the typhoid-malarial fever, 200 to 300 being sick at once. It moved forward to the Rapidan, and was detached with the 11th and 12th Corps, to form the 20th Corps, on September 26, 1863, and sent west to re-enforce Gen. Rosencrans. It was under its old and loved commander, Gen. Joseph Hooker. The regiment disembarked from the cars at Anderson, Alabama, on the 3d day of October, 1863, and the next day was ordered with its division to return along the road and re-open the same as far as Murfreesborough. This was accomplished promptly, and the regiment was stationed along the railroad (headquarters at Normandy and Tullahoma) from Wartrace to Elk River, guarding railroads, building block houses and restoring the road. On October 23d the division was again called to the front, and Ohio troops came down under General Rosseau to guard the railroad, and we again reached Anderson on October 25th, only to return over the same road the next day, to restore the bridges destroyed in our rear by Forest's Cavalry. The regiment was now, on or about Nov. 10th, 1863, again engaged in building winter quarters, and settled down to guard the railroad from Wartrace to Elk River.

It went with the 13th New Jersey, under command of Colonel Ketcham, down to Lincoln County, Tenn., and collected within a radius of ten miles from Mulberry the sum of \$35,000. Ten thousand dollars for the families of each of three Michigan soldiers who had been murdered by Guerrillas secreted by the people in that vicin-

ity. On its way back to Tullahoma George Lovelace and John E. Odell were *shot dead by Guerrillas* as they were riding Dr. Campbell's and the Colonel's horses a short distance in front of the column. The families of these two men received of the money \$2,500 each.

The Regiment started in the spring (with the command) on the 25th day of April, 1864, marched to Tullahoma and Decherd and thence across the mountains to Bridgeport, Alabama, which we reached on the 1st day of May, 1864.

We were at the first skirmish at Buzzard Roost on May 5th; on the 14th of May the regiment marched to the extreme left of our army, and, with its brigade, saved the 4th Indian Battery from capture.

On the 15th we were heavily engaged with the enemy, holding the extreme left of our line at Resaca, where the Regiment was sent to hold a little hill in the midst of a large cornfield on the continuation of the line, not yet filled out of the woods to this point. We placed a few rails in front of the men, and they were enabled to stand their ground against a whole division of Rebels, who came out in a column of regiments, four abreast, and wheeled and marched towards us, but were checked and driven back by the two regiments that faced them, the 13th New Jersey and the 150th New York. We had only nine wounded in this fight; one of them, and the one most severely wounded, was our Adjutant, Stephen V. R. Cruger, who was supposed to be mortally wounded and discharged from service, but he recovered, asked to be restored, and returned in October to his command, and as Captain, took the march to the sea with his company.

At Dallas, or New Hope Church, on May 25th, the Regiment occupied the right of the line, and advanced so near the enemy as to prevent his cannon from being depressed sufficiently to reach us.

We held this line till midnight. A line of works was built in our rear, and then we were relieved.

We lost heavily in this battle, but not so heavily as the 3d Wisconsin or the 107th New York, which is accounted for by our nearness to the Rebel guns. They could not fire them till after dark.

At Culp's Farm, on June 22d, we had a severe battle with Cleburne's Division, and drove it back, severely handled. Here we lost Lieut. Henry Gridley, who fell while on the right in charge of Company A, guiding this fire, and directing private Gollenbeck to bring down the tall color bearer of the Confederates in their front line; he did so, and Gridley fell while commending Gollenbeck.

The Regiment was under fire most of the time for nearly 100 days, from Chatanooga to Atlanta, and for six weeks in front of the city, suffering a depletion of its effective force of about one-half its number in that campaign from casualties and sickness. The Regiment lost one hundred and six men who were killed, died of wounds, or of disease, in the field. It lost two officers, David B. Sleight and Henry Gridley, killed in battle, and three,—E. P. Welling, R. Marshall and John Sweet—died of disease in the service, and eight officers were wounded. The Regiment marched with Sherman to the sea, and from Savannah to Raleigh.

The Regiment supported the Cavalry at Averysboro, N. C., on the night of the 15th of March, 1865, and drove the enemy from the field, and on the 16th of March, 1865, it lost Lt. D. B. Sleight killed, and a number wounded, and on the 19th it held the extreme left of our line at Bentonville.

It was commanded by Colonel Ketcham until October, 1864, when at Atlanta the command devolved on Major A. B. Smith, who commanded it the balance of the time, except a few days in front of Savannah when it was commanded by Colonel Ketcham, just before Savannah was taken. While the regiment was reconnoitering in South Carolina, Ketcham was severely wounded and resigned to take his seat in Congress.

During its service it had over 1,200 men on its rolls, and about 450 came home with the regiment at the close of the war. It was mustered out at Washington, D. C., June 8th, 1865, and disbanded and paid off at Poughkeepsie, New York, on the 16th day of June, 1865.

It was permitted through the kindness of Gov. Fenton and the secretary of war to return home with its arms to Poughkeepsie, and on the 12th of June it was tendered a reception under the auspices of the efficient fire department of the city, in which the whole county participated, which in magnificence, could not be excelled.

A. B. SMITH,
Colonel.

REPORT OF BRIG. GEN. HENRY H. LOCKWOOD,
*U. S. Army, commanding Second Brigade, relating to the
part taken by that Brigade in the Battle of
Gettysburg.*

H'DQRS SECOND BRIG., FIRST DIV., TWELFTH A. C.,
JULY 16, 1863.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to render the following report of the operations of this command during the late battle near Gettysburg:

After a long and painful march from Baltimore, *via* Frederick City, two regiments of this command, namely, the First Regiment Potomac Home Brigade, Maryland Volunteers, Col. William P. Maulsby, and the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York Volunteers, Col. J. H. Ketcham, arrived and reported to the First Division, Twelfth Army Corps, at 8 A. M., July 2. They were posted at various places until about 5 P. M. of that day, when, having received an order to support the left wing of the army, then heavily engaged, they were marched to, and deployed near, a battery then firing on the enemy. The First Regiment Potomac Home Brigade, Maryland Volunteers, Col. William P. Maulsby, formed the first line, and the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York Volun-

teers, Colonel Ketcham, the second line. Thus formed, these regiments, under my charge, advanced about one mile, a portion in double-quick, amid the most terrific firing of shells and musketry, to and beyond the extreme front, driving the enemy before them and entirely clearing the field. A battery which had fallen into the hands of the enemy was retaken, and on our return drawn off the field by hand by a detachment of the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York.

On a portion of the ground over which we drove the enemy, was found a number of dead and wounded. The latter were cared for by Dr. Willard, assistant surgeon, First Regiment Potomac Home Brigade, Maryland Volunteers, who, having with difficulty procured ambulances, removed them to the hospitals. This occupied him nearly the whole night. The command withdrew from the field by special order after full darkness set in.

I cannot too much commend the cool and steady courage of both officers and men on this trying occasion, which is the more remarkable as it is the first time they had been under fire.

I am specially indebted to Colonel Maulsby, not only for his daring and intrepidity, but for many suggestions, which were the more valuable in consequence of his knowledge of the ground upon which we were operating.

Early on the morning of the 3d, these regiments supported a battery placed to shell the woods in front of the rifle-pits on our right. At about 6 A. M. I received orders to deploy a regiment and engage the enemy within these woods. Colonel Maulsby's regiment (First Potomac Home Brigade, Maryland Volunteers) was selected for this purpose. Under my command, the wood was entered and the enemy engaged and driven back behind a stone wall, which was nearly parallel with the turnpike. While preparing to charge and drive him from this cover, information reached me that another regiment was taking him on his right, and that our fire would damage that movement. Having already lost in killed and

wounded some 80 men, and our ammunition being short, I withdrew the regiment and returned to the turnpike.

I cannot too strongly commend the courage and good conduct of every officer and man engaged in this fearful enterprise.

Soon after our return the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York was detailed for duty in the rifle-pits, and successively the other regiments of the command (now increased by the arrival of the First Eastern Shore Maryland Volunteers, Colonel Wallace) were assigned to the same duty. Finding Brigadier-General Greene already on duty at this position, I declined taking command, though his senior, and served under him there. The detailed operations of the regiments here are made in the accompanying regimental reports. I believe that every man did his duty.

Toward the close of the day I was ordered to cover the center, and, on my arrival near the cemetery, was directed to hold myself in readiness to re-enforce any point requiring aid. Here we remained inactive until near evening, when we were ordered to occupy the breastworks on the right, near the position we had held on the previous day.

It only remains for me to notice the conduct of the troops. Considering that these regiments, as such, had never before been under fire, I claim for them praise for the coolness and firmness exhibited by them. Beyond a too rapid fire and a too hasty and inconsiderate advance, I have nothing to find fault with.

I beg leave to notice favorably my personal staff, to whom I am indebted for very efficient service, and both of whom had their horses killed by shot and shell on the 3d.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HENRY H. LOCKWOOD,

Brigadier-General.

Capt. S. E. FITTMAN,

Asst. Adjt. Gen., First Division, Twelfth Army Corps.

A VALUABLE LETTER.

At the close of the war when the 150th Regiment was ready to be mustered out, GEN. HENRY W. SLOCUM called upon COL. A. B. SMITH, and upon taking his leave placed in the Colonel's hands the letter as here published, addressed to GEN. KETCHAM, then a member of Congress:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF GEORGIA,

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 5, 1865.

DEAR GENERAL:

The 150th New York is now nearly ready to start for home. I hope they will meet with a most cordial reception, for they certainly deserve it. No Regiment goes home with a better record. They are an honor to the service and to our State.

Your Friend,

H. W. SLOCUM,

General Commanding.

GEN. J. H. KETCHAM.

THE LAST ORDER.

The final order which was issued dissolving the Regiment is here given as having an appropriate place in this volume, which is designed as a memorial of the Regiment:—

(OFFICIAL)

REGIMENTAL ORDERS No. 20.

HEADQUARTERS 150TH N. Y. V.,)
POUGHKEEPSIE, June 16, 1865.)

Your commanding officer announces that the time for the final dissolution of the 150th Regiment N. Y. Vols. has arrived. You have received the congratulations, the thanks, the marked commendational and affectionate farewell, of Generals Sherman, Slocum, Mower, Williams and Hawley; to this has been added a spontaneous and magnificent reception by your friends in old Dutchess County. It was the outburst of

sentiments of loyalty and esteem for the old flag and its defenders, never to be forgotten.

I cannot add to the honors and generous tokens of gratitude you have received from your commanders and from a grateful people.

I thank you from my heart for the generous and cordial support, the prompt and cheerful obedience, you have accorded me, during the arduous campaigns through which I had the honor to command you. You have made a record for patriotism, bravery, endurance and heroism, upon which there is no spot or blemish.

I am proud to have been your companion, and to have shared with you such a record. We remember our fallen comrades with emotions too sad for utterance. We will cherish their memories with that of our fallen President's, as freedom's noblest martyrs. We are all now to take that last noble promotion to citizenship, and judging by your zeal, fidelity, and perfection as soldiers, I expect a most brilliant, happy and successful career for each one of you as citizens.

My friends: no language can express the sadness that pervades my heart at sundering the ties that have for three long years so happily bound us together in the noblest and purest cause in which men were ever united.

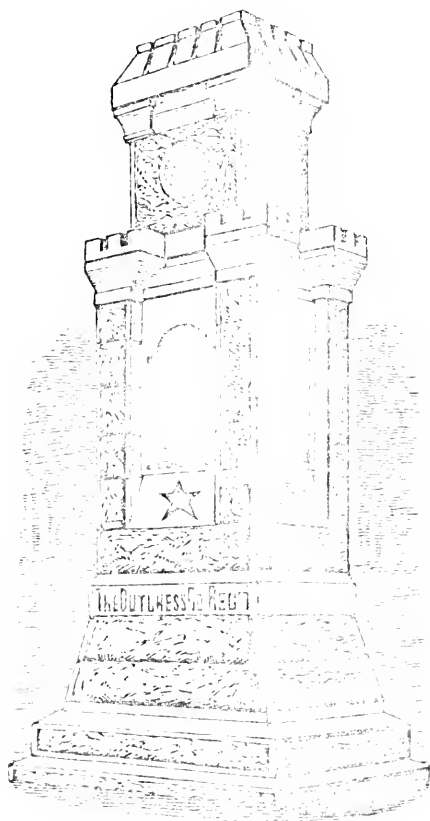
I shall follow each one of you—men and officers—with the deepest interest, and hope and pray that the same good God who has blessed and protected you, and crowned your labors with such abundant success in the past, may still have you in his tender, fatherly keeping, and crown your old age with all the blessings of peace, as he has crowned your manhood with the most brilliant honors of war. I bid you an affectionate farewell.

A. B. SMITH.

Colonel 150th N. Y. Vols.



DESCRIPTION OF MONUMENT.



The monument erected on Culp's Hill, Gettysburg, by the survivors and friends of the 150th Regiment, New York Volunteer Infantry, is briefly described below by Mr. GEORGE E. BISSELL, of Poughkeepsie, its architect and

sculptor. (The action which suggested the style adopted for the monument was the gallant defence of the works on Culp's Hill by this Regiment).

It is a strong and aggressive-looking battlemented tower, with the deeds of its defenders recorded on its outer walls, and is a most fitting memorial for such a historic spot. It expresses, in a symbolic way, the cause which this and all other Union Regiments were organized to defend on so many hard-fought battle-fields.

Thirteen courses of massive stone forming the monument, cemented one upon the other, making one solid and harmonious whole, represents the Union of States founded by our forefathers, which was cemented by their blood, and the blood of those who fought to preserve it, from 1861 to 1865.

Four bronze panels on the four sides of the monument give details of the service, casualties and rosters of the Regiment, as it was mustered in and mustered out.

* On the front panel the oak and laurel are united, as the emblems of the citizen soldier; and below the inscription is the coat of arms of the United States, over and partly concealing the coat of arms of New York State, which symbolizes the supremacy of the Union over all the States.

On the reverse, under the laurel and palm—emblems of victory—the laurel for the living, for the dead the palm—are the names of the dead and the wounded in this battle, and the names of the principal battles in which the 150th took active part, from Gettysburg, where they received their baptism of fire, to Atlanta, and with Sherman on his triumphal march to the sea, and through the Carolinas. Floating above the panel is the brigade flag, with the 12th Corps badge upon it—the royal star.

The third panel contains the Roster as regiment was mustered in; the fourth, the Roster as mustered out and its total strength, with recapitulation of losses.

On the front, as upon all monuments erected by New York upon this field, is the coat of arms of the State.

which is used to indicate that these monuments are State Memorials to the Nation's defenders.

The monument, from base to battlemented cap, has a height of 25 feet, with a base 10 feet square, and a weight of some 70 or more tons; no stone of less than three tons' weight has been used.

These figures will give some idea of the solidity of this monument, which fairly entitles it to be called a "TOWER OF STRENGTH."

* The four succeeding pages represent the panels as described above. The first page being the front panel; the second, the reverse; the third, the right-hand side when facing the front of the monument, and the fourth, the left-hand side.





150TH NEW YORK INFANTRY

2d BRIGADE, [LOCKWOOD'S]

1st DIVISION

12th CORPS

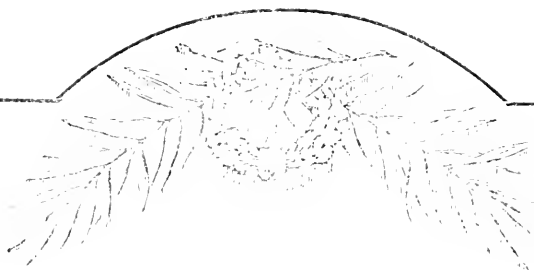


JULY 2d and 3d, 1863.



THIS REGIMENT DEFENDED THESE WORKS ON JULY
3D, FROM 6:30 TO 9 A. M., AND FROM 10 A. M.
TO 12 M., AND CAPTURED 200 PRISONERS.





CASUALTIES.

KILLED.

Corp'l John Van Alstyne, Co. A.	Private Jedediah Murphy, Co. E.
Private Charles Howgate, " A.	" Bernard C. Burnett, " G.
" Levi Rust, " A.	" Wm. H. Barnes, " I.
" John P. Wing, " A.	

WOUNDED.

Corporal Geo. T. Wilson, Co. A.	Private Albert Waterman, Co. E.
Private James L. Place, " A.	" Steph'n H. Khynders, " F.
" Jas. M. Chambers, " B.	" Michael McGeen, " H.
" Valentine Jones, " B.	" Edward Hart, " I.
" Owen O'Neil, " B.	" Alexander Rogers, " I.
" Nelson P. Shafer, " B.	Corp. Geo. W. Buckmaster, " K.
" Charles Weaver, " B.	Private Patrick Kane, " K.
Serg't. Alfred Seeley, " C.	" L. T. Dutcher, " K.
Private Talmadge Wood, " C.	" James Lynch, " K.
Corp'l Richard Germond, " D.	" F. Pattenburgh, " K.
Private Samuel Clements, " E.	" Thomas Way, " K.
	" A. Woodin, " K.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Gettysburg.	Sherman's Campaigns of
Resaca.	Georgia and the
New Hope Church.	Carolinas.
Culp's Farm.	Savannah.
Peach Tree Creek.	Averysborough.
Siege of Atlanta.	Bentonville.

8TH CORPS.

12TH CORPS.

20TH CORPS.

ROSTER.

MUSTERED IN, OCTOBER 11TH, 1862.

COLONEL JOHN H. KETCHAM.
LT. COL. CHARLES G. BARTLETT.
MAJOR ALFRED B. SMITH.
SURGEON CORNELIUS N. CAMPBELL.
1ST ASST. STEPHEN G. COOK.
2D ASST. HENRY PEARCE.
ADJT. WILLIAM THOMPSON.
Q. M. GEORGE R. GAYLORD.
CHAP. THOMAS E. VASSAR.

COMPANY A.

Capt. JOSEPH H. COGSWELL.
1st Lt. HENRY GRIDLEY.
2d Lt. JAMES P. MARETT.
143 Men.

COMPANY B.

Capt. ROBERT MCCONNELL.
1st Lt. ALBERT JOHNSON.
2d Lt. ROBERT C. TRIPP.
126 Men.

COMPANY C.

Capt. HENRY A. GILDESLEEVE.
1st Lt. EDGAR P. WELLING.
2d Lt. ROWLAND H. MARSHALL.
113 Men.

COMPANY D.

Capt. WILLIAM R. WOODIN.
1st Lt. ROBERT G. MOONEY.
2d Lt. FRANK MALLORY.
122 Men.

COMPANY E.

Capt. ANDREW BRANT.
1st Lt. OLEO WHEELER.
2d Lt. PERRY W. CHAPMAN.
127 Men.

COMPANY F.

Capt. JOHN L. GREEN.
1st Lt. STEPHEN V. R. CRUGER.
2d Lt. POULASKI BOWMAN.
122 Men.

COMPANY G.

Capt. EDWARD A. WICKES.
1st Lt. DEWITT C. UNDERWOOD.
2d Lt. JOHN SWEET.
124 Men.

COMPANY H.

Capt. PLATT M. THORNE.
1st Lt. WM. S. VAN KEUREN.
2d Lt. CHARLES J. GAYLORD.
137 Men.

COMPANY I.

Capt. BENJAMIN S. BROAS.
1st Lt. RICHARD TILUS.
2d Lt. DAVID B. SLEDGIE.
122 Men.

COMPANY K.

Capt. JOHN S. SCHOFIELD.
1st Lt. MICHAEL J. CORCORAN.
2d Lt. WADE H. STEENBURG.
120 Men.

ROSTER.

MUSTERED OUT, JUNE 8TH, 1865.

COLONEL ALFRED B. SMITH.
 LT. COL. JOSEPH B. COGSWELL.
 MAJOR HENRY A. GILDERSLEEVE.
 SURGEON CORNELIUS N. CAMPBELL.
 1ST ASST. ALEXANDER HAMILL.
 ADJT. WILLIAM H. BARTLETT.
 Q. M. HENRY C. SMITH.
 CHAP. EDWARD O. BARTLETT.

COMPANY A.

Capt. STEPHEN V. R. CRUGER.
 1st Lt. WILLIAM WATTLES.
 2d Lt. WILLIAM H. BARTLETT.
 77 Men.

COMPANY B.

Capt. ROBERT C. TRUIT.
 1st Lt. ANDREW V. OSTROM.
 2d Lt. JOHN MCGILL.
 76 Men.

COMPANY C.

Capt. WILLIAM S. VAN KUREN.
 1st Lt. HENRY J. HICKS.
 2d Lt. I. CURTIS SMITH.
 79 Men.

COMPANY D.

Capt. WILLIAM R. WOODIN.
 1st Lt. FRANK MALLOFFY.
 2d Lt. JAMES B. FURRY.
 75 Men.

COMPANY E.

Capt. O. ED. WHEELER.
 1st Lt. PERRY W. CHAPMAN.
 2d Lt. CHARLES P. BARLOW.
 80 Men.

COMPANY F.

Capt. JOHN L. GLEN.
 1st Lt. SAMUEL H. PAULDING.
 2d Lt. LANDON OSTROM.
 77 Men.

COMPANY G.

Capt. EDWARD A. WICKES.
 1st Lt. DEWEIT C. UNDERWOOD.
 2d Lt. BENJAMIN T. MURFITT.
 77 Men.

COMPANY H.

Capt. PLATT M. THORNE.
 1st Lt. JOHN FITZPATRICK.
 2d Lt. JOHN D. BROWN.
 81 Men.

COMPANY I.

Capt. RICHARD TITUS.
 1st Lt. SERECA HUMISTON.
 2d Lt. CHARLES H. SMITH.
 89 Men.

COMPANY K.

Capt. JOHN S. SCHOFIELD.
 1st Lt. CYRUS S. ROBERTS.
 82 Men.

This Regiment was recruited to 1,577 Men. Killed in Battle: Officers, 2; Enlisted Men, 44. Died from wounds and sickness in service, 3 Officers and 57 Men. Total lost in service, 63. Transferred to 60th New York, June 8th, 1865, 170 Men. Mustered Out, 524 Men and 30 Officers.

DEDICATION CEREMONIES.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Gen. JOHN H. KETCHAM, late Colonel of the Regiment and President of the Regimental Association, called the assemblage to order, and delivered the welcoming address: *Fellow Soldiers and Friends* :

It is with mingled emotions of pleasure and sadness that I welcome you to-day, and invite you to join in the ceremonies that have been deemed appropriate for our celebration, and which I find ordered upon our programme.

As your comrade, rather than as your Colonel, of twenty six years ago, I ask you to assist in commemorating the occasion which first brought us to this beautiful spot. In those days, and long before them—before we ever dreamed of war as a possibility in our favored land, we were most of us neighbors and friends—born and reared in one of the finest counties in our great state—on the banks of our noble Hudson—when the summons came to serve our beloved country, we started as one man—animated by a common impulse of devotion to duty—with a common ambition to do our very best to make for our Home Regiment a record second to that of none in the service. Where all were noble and true soldiers—every inch—there was little need of rule, and little thought of rank.

How well you succeeded in doing your duty is a matter of history. These ceremonies to day, and the presence of these kind friends, attest that your sufferings and sacrifices are not unappreciated and forgotten. Let me read a brief report which I made after this momentous battle,

and which I found the other day in the War Department at Washington :

No. 285.

REPORT OF COL. JOHN H. KETCHAM,
One Hundred and Fiftieth New York Infantry.

IN CAMP NEAR GETTYSBURG, PA.,

July 4, 1863.

CAPTAIN: In compliance with orders, I have the honor to make the following report of the movements of the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York Volunteer Infantry during the recent battles near Gettysburg:

This regiment arrived here about 8 A. M., July 2, and was held in reserve on the right until about 6 P. M., when it was ordered with the First Maryland Potomac Home Brigade Volunteers, Colonel Maulsby, to proceed at once and re-enforce General Sickles on the extreme left. Upon reaching the battle-ground, these two regiments were ordered forthwith to the front in double-quick time amid the most terrific firing of shell and musketry. They continued to advance until after they had crossed the line of battle of the enemy, the rebels meanwhile retreating, when the firing ceased. The One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment New York Volunteers brought off three pieces of artillery which had been abandoned by the enemy.

This Regiment then, about 9 P. M., returned to the right and remained under arms all night, in consequence of heavy skirmishing on the right.

About 4 A. M. we were ordered to support Best's battery, on the left of the Gettysburg road, where we remained nearly two hours.

About 6 A. M. this regiment was ordered into the rifle-pits on the right, under command of General Geary, where it remained about two and a half hours, when it was relieved. In about an hour it was again ordered into action, where it remained about the same time as before.

The average number of rounds of ammunition expended by each man was 150, and from the large number of dead bodies lying upon the ground, as seen the following morning, it is evident the shots did good execution. A detail from my regiment was made to collect and bury the rebel dead.

The enemy kept up a continuous, direct, and terrible firing of musketry during the whole time engaged. My men rallied to the front in double-quick time, cheering loudly, and they fought earnestly and bravely. Not a man faltered or betrayed the least cowardice. This regiment was never before under fire, and for the coolness and courage displayed on this occasion the men are entitled to the highest praise.

After this last engagement it was ordered to a position on the left as a reserve, where it remained until about 6 P. M., when it was ordered into camp.

About 7 A. M. the following morning it was ordered into rifle-pits on the right, where it remained about two hours, then relieved.

I am, captain, very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. H. KETCHAM,

Colonel 150th Regiment New York Volunteers.

Capt. WILLIAM M. BOONE,

Asst. Adjt. Gen., General Lockwood's Brigade.

I think we have no cause for regret in recalling that memorable struggle. To every one now present, who stood by me during those fierce July days, this peaceful hour must bring most thrilling and sacred memories. You must recall every scene, every incident, every hour, almost every moment, when with anxious hearts we nerved ourselves for death or victory, and prayed for strength to do our duty to the end. It requires no effort to picture ourselves as we stood facing the enemy in deadly conflict by day, or rested on our arms at night, snatching such sleep as we might, amid the crash and roar of cannon and musketry, expecting momentarily to renew the contest.

We cherish tenderly and proudly the memory of each of our devoted band who fell here. History, and this enduring marble will tell our children's children of their heroism and valor. But these remnants of our once bright and beautiful colors speak to us loudly, not only of them whom we are met to-day to honor, but of others as gallant and great as they, who afterwards perished on many other well-fought fields. We think of them reverently, and affectionately—and of others who came not here to-day, who have one after another fallen by the way, whose services to our regiment and their country we remember with profoundest gratitude. Nor do we forget the loved ones who staid at home to work and pray for us—the wives, and mothers, and sisters who labored in camp and hospital unremittingly, many of whom have gone to their reward. And of all who helped to rear this beautiful memorial to our heroes, I would make grateful mention. I will not detain you longer. Others will tell you of the patriotism and devotion of the legions with whom we are proud to be numbered, who here on this holy ground turned the fortunes of our dear country from disaster, defeat, and discouragement, to hope and faith, and final victory.

Upon concluding his address Gen. Ketcham called upon the REV. E. O. BARTLETT, D.D., late Chaplain of the Regiment, to offer the dedicatory

PRAYER.

Almighty God, our Father, for the sake of Thy son, our Saviour, inspire us with Thy spirit and sanctify us for the solemn, patriotic and loving services of this hour.

We praise Thy name for Thy great mercy in preserving our lives during these years to enjoy the fruits and honors of a peace won by periling all for country, and that, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, Thou dost permit these veterans, these soldiers of the Union, to come back to these blood-stained hills and fields to dedi-

cate this noble monument to the memory of the brave men who here poured out their blood upon the altar of their country.

We consecrate this monument to Thee, Thou God of nations, who has so marvelously guided and blessed us in the past, leading our forefathers, like Israel of old, to a land abounding in riches. We give Thee thanks, that when tyranny stretched out her iron hand, Thou didst raise up wise men and brave men and true men who pledged their lives, their fortunes and sacred honor in defence of liberty and equality. And when the nation was yet young and foreign foes dared to strike, Thou didst nerve the arm of this liberty-loving people to defend their rights on the sea and on the land. At last, when the great conflict came and the nation had grown rich and powerful, and bad men and ambitious men uplifted the foul flag of rebellion and would break into fragments the fabric of the most benign government the sun shines upon and the most perfect constitution of the world's history, we praise, laud and adore Thy holy name, Thou didst bring forth a man from the people and of the people to be, like Moses and Joshua, a worthy leader of a mighty host. At his call Thou didst put it into the hearts of thousands and hundreds of thousands to take their lives in their hands, leaving their homes and the comforts and emoluments of civil life, to go forth to war, that liberty and union might not perish at the bidding of those who would build an empire upon the corner stone of human bondage.

We thank Thee for the great victories that came, and that where we now stand the hosts of rebellion were hurled back, smitten and dismayed. We thank Thee even for the defeats; that by them we were made to feel our dependence upon Thee, and were compelled to break the shackles of the slave.

We beseech Thee that these granite stones and bronzed letters may tell our children and all coming generations not only of brave and true men who here fought in the

defence of their country, but that all these monuments may speak of Thee and Thy righteous judgments, that *righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people.*

O Lord bless this people, this united nation, cemented by the blood of the brave. May it grow strong in integrity, in intelligence, in charity, in loyalty and love to Thee, and in good will to men. Let neither sterility blight its fields, nor famine nor pestilence destroy its people. May plenty follow everywhere in the footsteps of honest industry, and may those who labor for their daily bread find it in abundance. Deliver our country from the fierce conflicts of avarice, selfishness and poverty and unite all as the heart of one man in sustaining the supremacy of law and the peace of the land.

Bless our President. May he be clothed with righteousness, and may truth be his robe and his diadem. May he be like thy servant Job in the days of his prosperity, who was eyes to the blind, feet to the lame and a father to the poor; and the cause he knew not he searched out and plucked the spoil out of the jaws of the wicked. Thus may he earn the commendation of the Saviour,—*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*

Bless our two Colonels. We rejoice that Thou hast preserved their lives for this supreme hour. Reward them abundantly for their never-flinching courage on the battle-field, for their never-failing kindness and industry in the camp and on the march, for their manliness and whole-heartedness that never turned away from a comrade in distress, and that to-day commands the undivided loyalty of this entire regiment. Bless him who shall interpret the meaning of this hour and speak the lesson of this monument. May his words kindle anew our love of country and liberty and union that has cost so dear.

O Lord bless all the officers. We thank Thee for their hearty fellowship and united spirit and honorable record in all these years, and that so many have filled worthily

offices of trust and honor from the people. Bless every comrade in basket and in store, and at last may all receive the welcome plaudit,—*Well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.*

Bless, we beseech Thee, the widow and the orphan and all who are suffering from wound or disease contracted in the service of their country. May there be abundant provision for all their wants. May this nation so care for its heroic defenders that the verdict of history shall be reversed, and henceforth it shall be said,—*Republics are grateful.*

Bless and reward the friends of the regiment. God bless Dutchess county. May she be as the garden of the Lord, as a fruitful field, and may her patriotism and beneficence realize the divine promise,—*The liberal soul shall be made fat, and they that sow bountifully shall also reap bountifully.*

Do for us all exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. And unto the King, eternal, immortal and invisible, the only wise God our Saviour, we ascribe everlasting praise. Amen.

The Grand Army Band of Gettysburgh furnished music, and then the

MONUMENT WAS UNVEILED BY MISS ETHEL B.
KETCHAM

amidst the huzzas of the multitude and the inspiring strains of a patriotic air from the band.

The monument was then presented to the Battle-field Memorial Association by the late Colonel of the Regiment, Gen. ALFRED B. SMITH, in the following words:—Hon. John M. Krauth, of the Gettysburg Memorial Association:

As I am called upon to present this monument to you, it is proper to give a brief description of it.

It has been erected by the surviving members of the 150th Regiment, N. Y. Vol., and their friends in Dutchess County, N. Y., as a tribute of respect to the

memory of those who gave their lives in heroic defense of our country on this field twenty-six years ago, as also, an enduring memorial of the valor of those who escaped the perils of war, and a fitting expression of the patriotism of old Dutchess and the Empire State. It is composed of thirteen massive stones, emblems of national birth, unity and stability.

Upon the front panel of this monument our artist has, with rare felicity, twined the laurel wreath over the oak-leaf wreath in indestructible bronze, symbolizing the crowning of the citizen soldier, and has told the story of the deeds of the 150th Regiment upon this field; and under this record has formed a border of state and national escutcheons deftly hiding the emblem of the Empire State behind that of the United States, to teach that supreme loyalty is due the Nation.

Beneath the laurel and the palm, we engrave, on the reverse, the names of those heroic men who fell in defence of the Union, and those who were wounded in this battle, and the names of the battles in which their comrades were afterwards engaged; for on this hallowed ground our regiment was cemented together, tried by fire and taught to stand with unfaltering courage and fortitude.

Here we stood six hundred strong, shoulder to shoulder, riveted to these rocks by loyal love to the Union and the government of our fathers.

So the massive stones of this monument, reared one above the other, are significantly appropriate, each holding the other in place, representing a tower of invincible strength.

They also fitly typify the unity, love and mutual respect which characterized officers and men of this Regiment.

May this monument endure forever as a symbol of that fraternity, inspiring courage, loyalty and true manhood, which are the life-blood of the republic and its only warrant for existence.

Below we have our title "The Dutchess County Regiment," a name we were all so proud of and united under that discipline was easily maintained. It was sometimes applied to us in playfulness by our gallant Second Massachusetts friends as a nickname.

Unlike all the other regiments from our state, this was a county regiment, the formation of which was suggested by a lady now with us (Mrs. Benson J. Lossing). The ladies of the county gave us our flags, caused the banner to be beautifully painted, and, after carrying them through storms of fire, riddled with bullets and both shafts shattered, the members of the regiment carried them in their hearts through the Confederacy, with Sherman to the sea, from Savannah to Raleigh, and returned them to the ladies from whom we received them.

We have them here—rent, tattered, battle-scarred and faded—on the spot where they stood so many years ago; who shall say their magic power does not at this moment summon from a better land our departed comrades to rejoice with us in the grand consummation of their labors here, where the rocks burst forth from Mother Earth to tell their glory and that they died not in vain, while their sacrifices tell the story of "liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever," more eloquently than the words of Webster implied?

The seven men of the Regiment who sanctified this ground by their life-blood so freely poured out, wrought more mightily than they dreamed for the intrepidity, discipline and success of their comrades.

We also present to you, carved hereon, the roster of the regiment as it went forth and as it was mustered out; also the number of men who survived; the principal battles in which the regiment was engaged; and, bearing aloft, as this memorial shaft does, the escutcheon of our Empire State, the flag of our brigade, and the royal star of the 12th and 20th corps, in which organizations we took just pride.

It has been very appropriately unveiled by the daughter of our beloved Colonel, the covering being the first

camp flag that was raised over the city of Atlanta after Sherman captured that city.

This day is opportune, being the anniversary of the birth of Henry Gridley—the noblest Roman of us all—the first officer of the regiment who fell in battle; it also is the anniversary of a regiment most intimately connected with, and friendly to us—the 13th New Jersey; it also commemorates the great battle of Antietam.

We commit this monument to your loyal, loving care, trusting that it, with all the other memorials of art and nature, which so wonderfully mark this battle-ground in varied forms of beauty, may tell to the latest cycles of time how grandly a republic could terminate the direst civil war the world has ever known, by making a broken country one, bringing foes together as friends, exalting the Nation by elevating manhood, inspiring loyalty, courage and fraternity, and love for national unity and liberty under the old flag, all through the ages, until the happy day shall come when mankind “shall beat their swords into plow shares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

Response of Hon. JOHN M. KRAUTH, of the battle-field Memorial Association:—

Gen. Smith, members of the Monument Committee of the 150th N. Y. Volunteers, Veterans and Friends of the Regiment:

The Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association was organized shortly after the great battle, by a few large-hearted, patriotic gentlemen, for the express purpose of securing by gift or purchase, and holding and preserving perpetually, such portions of the battle-field, with its natural and artificial defences, as were identified with the engagement. In pursuance of power granted by legislative enactment, the Association has secured nearly all the ground occupied by the National forces, opened avenues, re-constructed breast-works and defences, and

located the sites and received in its charge and keeping two hundred and eighty-seven monuments. The Association has a watch-care over these memorials and is responsible for their preservation; it hopes soon to acquire title to those parts of the field not now included in its trust, and to continue to locate and superintend the construction of monuments until every organization engaged in the decisive battle has its position marked by, and its record inscribed upon, an enduring memorial.

The Association welcomes you to this historic spot; the great Empire State, from which you came, sent into the field and into the battle of Gettysburg, and lost more men, than any other state. It is, therefore, fitting that you should leave your homes and gather here for the purpose of dedicating this noble monument to brave, patriotic men; and this is no unmeaning ceremony; its suggestive power and influence will be known and felt long after those participating in it have passed away.

On behalf of, and in the name of the Association, this monument is accepted as a sacred trust; and I assure you we shall faithfully guard thro' coming ages, your memorial to the living as well as the dead.

Judge HENRY A. GILDERSLEEVE, of New York, late Major of the Regiment, delivered the Oration, saying:
Comrades and Friends:

Battle-fields are epochal steps in the grand stairways of the Earth constructed of the lives of men. Steps by which altar and throne have often been established and overturned. Steps that have led to the destruction of existing governments and the birth of new.

A careful study of the history of the world shows that war has been the only final arbiter of nations; and mankind, even under the benign influences of Christianity, in an enlightened age, have not found a substitute for this terrible tribunal. Our fathers, renowned for wisdom no less than courage, did not stop to estimate the price of human life when they began the great structure of our

national existence, and, laid in blood, the sure foundations of liberty and justice on which it rests. We should have proved degenerate and unworthy sons had we failed to follow their noble example when secession lifted its heretical head and threatened the destruction of our National Government. The Constitution of the United States of America was ordained and established "in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

Under it the States and Nation had prospered and grown strong as few people have ever prospered. It provided a system which continually drew for its sustenance and growth upon the virtue and vigor of the people—an inexhaustible source where a people remain harmonious and united, but a barren desert in a nation composed of States "dissevered, discordant and belligerent." Secession, if acquiesced in, made our Union, after all it had cost in blood and treasure, a weak pile of blocks that could at any time be toppled over at the will of a single State. All that was won upon the battle-fields of the revolution was at stake upon the issue of the Civil War; and in addition thereto, the emancipation of a race. Famous among men will always be the founders of our Government, and, second to them in lustre, shine the bravery and fortitude of the men who secured the permanence of their noble work.

We stand to-day on ground made famous by the defenders of the Union. Here was fought, more than a quarter of a century ago, the most important battle of our great Civil War. While from other fields may be gathered as appalling records of slaughter by contending armies, Gettysburg was the most decisive in its results, and in history it will be the most conspicuous. On the escutcheon of nations, written with the blood of heroes, France has its Austerlitz, England its Waterloo and the United States its Gettysburg.

The 150th Regiment, New York Volunteer Infantry, were of the troops who fought and won that battle for the United States. It was a victory that insured the perpetuity of the Federal Union; made permanent the establishment of Republican government among the nations of the earth; cast off the fetters from three million bondmen, and abolished slavery in America forever. It has been customary throughout all time to fête and honor soldiers of every country. The return of victorious armies to Rome was the occasion of grand displays and the most sumptuous festivities. The earth's surface is dotted all over with monuments erected to the memory of distinguished soldiers killed in battle, and few indeed are the exceptions where bravery in war has not been recognized and some effort made to pay a suitable tribute to those who have had to fight the battles of their country. In ancient Egypt the soldier shared with the priest the highest consideration. When he fell in battle he was at once transported to the regions of ineffable bliss in the bright mansions of the sun. The Christian Crusader was not only raised to a contempt of danger, but coveted it for the imperishable crown of martyrdom, that he was taught to believe awaited him after death. The victories and battles of the Revolution that made our Republican form of government possible, we never lose an opportunity to celebrate, and the noble deeds of the heroes of that memorable war are our choicest heritage, and the subject of constant commemoration. The men who fell upon this field are entitled to no less grateful remembrance than those who fell at Bunker Hill and Valley Forge. We cannot claim originality for the ceremony we now celebrate, but when we look about us and are reminded of the brave men who here gave up their lives, and recall the causes that made the terrible battle necessary, we do proudly claim that for no nobler cause did patriots ever fight, that for no grander country did heroes ever die. Yes, and thank God, they died for the whole country, to-day the homes of sixty million freemen. The triumph

of the Union armies on this field was a victory for the Constitution and the Union, and took no rights away from the South. The blessings flowing from a preserved Union reach all the States, and the fountains it feeds are those of universal liberty and prosperity, at which the Confederate soldier is as welcome to come and drink as the Union Volunteer.

The State of New York, by its representatives in legislature assembled, in the year 1887, appropriated the sum of \$1,500 to each New York regiment that took part in the battle of Gettysburg, to be expended in providing a suitable memorial to its members who fell in that battle: The survivors of the 150th Regiment and its friends, principally residents of Dutchess County, contributed and added to the \$1,500 given by the State, about the sum of \$3,000, and the manner in which that money has been expended by the faithful and able Monument Committee, of which Gen. Smith is Chairman, is evidenced by the beautiful monument before us which we have assembled to-day to unveil and dedicate.

Let us for a few moments brush up our memories of the past; recall the organization of the 150th Regiment, and follow it to these now historic hills of Pennsylvania, where it became a part of the famous army of the Potomac, and was first bathed in blood.

At the end of June, 1862, the war had been in progress about fifteen months, and over eight hundred thousand volunteers, including three-months' men, had entered the service of the United States. The actual strength of the Federal army on duty at this time was about five hundred thousand. In the West the Union forces under Grant, Buell and others had secured very creditable results. Shiloh, Fort Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing, Corinth and other points of strategic importance had been captured by the Union armies. The general result of the campaign in Virginia was not considered to reflect much credit upon the Union army, and in consequence thereof there was a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction in the

North. Lukewarm Unionists and Southern sympathizers began openly to proclaim their faith in, and announce their adherence to, the Southern cause. This unarmed enemy in the midst of us, too cowardly to fight in the open field, and without an excuse for their treachery, retarded enlistments at home, encouraged foreign intervention, and in every way possible gave aid and support to the rebels. I can forgive the Southern rebel for taking up arms against the Union, grasp him warmly by the hand and call him brother; but a Northern copper-head—well, God may have mercy upon him, but I cannot.

On Thursday, June 26th, 1862, the powerful and thoroughly equipped Army of the Potomac was entrenched in works vast in extent and most formidable in character within sight of Richmond, and it was confidently hoped that the battle-cry of "On to Richmond" would soon be realized. Within a few days the remnants of that threatening host were upon the James River, thirty miles from Richmond, seeking to recover, under the protection of their gun-boats, from the effects of a series of disastrous defeats. This routing of McClellan's army thoroughly aroused the Government to the danger in which the country was placed, and an earnest determination was manifested to provide against its consequences. On July 2d, 1862, the President of the United States issued a proclamation calling for three hundred thousand men to serve for three years, or during the war. In answer to this call the Dutchess County regiment was organized. The prompt response of the State of New York, led by the loyal citizens of Dutchess County, to this proclamation of the President in those dark days of the rebellion, gave an impetus to enlistments throughout the whole loyal North, and under the call, 431,958 volunteers were mustered into the Federal army. This rush to the standards of the Union was the strongest evidence of the willingness of the Northern people to stand by the Government. It was conclusive proof of their unflinching loyalty, and it showed a fixed determination to sup-

press the rebellion by force of arms. It not only gave great additional strength, but a *morale* to the armies already in the field, and to the men in high station upon whom rested the grave responsibility of conducting the war, the greatest encouragement. Prior to this, large numbers of Dutchess County men had enlisted in the Union armies. Some marched to the front with the 20th New York, and others followed the colors of the 128th. On Thursday, the 21st day of August, 1862, Mrs. Benson J. Lossing caused to be published an appeal asking for a Dutchess County regiment. Isaac Platt, of the Poughkeepsie *Eagle*, endorsed the appeal by favorable comment, and during that day, and the next, eighteen young men handed to A. B. Smith, of Poughkeepsie, as one of the resident members of the General War Committee, requests to recruit and enter the United States service in a Dutchess County regiment. We have not a complete list of the names of these young men. Among them were Cogswell, McConnell, Gildersleeve, Titus, Woodin, Wickes, Sweet, Gridley, Brous, Cruger, Underwood, Van Steenburg, Van Keuren and Tripp. General A. B. Smith drafted a resolution for the Board of Supervisors of Dutchess County and it was offered by Henry W. Shaw (better known as Josh Billings), who was at that time a member of the Board, and passed unanimously. It read as follows: "Resolved, That the County of Dutchess will pay \$50 bounty to each man who will enlist in a Dutchess County regiment, and the Executive War Committee of the County is requested to procure the permission from Governor Morgan to raise such regiment, with camp located at Poughkeepsie." Provided with a certified copy of this resolution, and letters of introduction from Congressman Baker and Judge Emott, Mr. Smith, under instructions from the War Committee, went to Albany on August 23d to make application to Governor Morgan for authority to recruit "a Dutchess County regiment," and returned with the following authorization, viz.: -

“To Hon. JAMES EMOTT,

*Chairman of Executive War Committee of Dutchess
County :*

Permission is granted to your War Committee to raise a Dutchess County Regiment, with camp located at Poughkeepsie.

EDWIN D. MORGAN,

HILLHOUSE,

Governor.

A. A. G.”

Previous to this Gov. Morgan had appointed a General War Committee for the Congressional District, with Wm. Kelly, of Rhinebeck, as Chairman. From this General Committee an Executive War Committee was chosen, consisting of James Emott, Wm. Kelly, Ambrose Wager, George W. Sterling, Benson J. Lossing, James H. Weeks, Stephen Baker, Joseph F. Barnard and John H. Ketcham, and the work of bringing into life, form and discipline the Dutchess County Regiment was entered upon in earnest. It was then that the home pride was fully aroused and the patriotism of the citizens of Dutchess County reached its climax. Many, who from the first breaking out of the war had felt inclined to enlist, but were restrained by business engagements they could not well forego, or by home ties that were painful to sever, had frequently declared that when a Dutchess County regiment was organized they would join it. That day had come, and the sons of Old Dutchess, true to their vows, led on by Ketcham, rallied around the American flag, eager to become members of the 150th New York Volunteers. O, the golden memories of those days! The conflicts between love of country and love of kindred; private business interests and public duty, duty in which patriotism triumphed. Sad and distressing were the partings; but, comrades, your courage did not fail you in the hour of your country's peril. Resolute and brave, though tender and loving, the good-byes were said with moist eyes and aching hearts. What act

of your life would you not now sacrifice to give place to this? Those were indeed busy, anxious, exciting days. Do you recall the duties of the recruiting officers? How the constant exclamations necessary to young men contemplating enlistment occupied the days at the several recruiting offices, and war meetings in different parts of the county filled in the nights. Our headquarters were at Poughkeepsie. Four and six horse teams, carrying young and enthusiastic men who had already enlisted, drove to different parts of the county, with banners flying and bands playing, to attend war meetings and secure enlistments. There was scarcely a place in the county, sufficiently large to support a post office, that did not have its one or more war meetings each week. Washington Hollow, Stanfordville, Bangall, Pine Plains, Dover, Pawling, Amenia, Hyde Park, Rhinebeck, Red Hook, Schultzville, and many other places, were the scenes of enthusiastic gatherings at which the bands played patriotic airs, and from barrels, stoops, wagons and horse-blocks the assembled crowds were harangued with war speeches until the excitement ran high and many names were added to the enlistment rolls. From the sheriff's office in the court house in the City of Poughkeepsie, which was turned into a recruiting office, was displayed a banner bearing these words: "Come in out of the draft." Their significance was apparent and caused no little amusing comment. To the indifferent they were a gentle reminder of what might be expected if a sufficient number of volunteers were not promptly forthcoming; and to those anxious to enlist, who were restrained by relatives and friends, they furnished a powerful argument in favor of consent. The threatened drafts and liberal bounties undoubtedly brought some men into service, but pure patriotism was generally the sole moving power. And especially was this true of the 150th Regiment, composed as it largely was of intelligent and thoughtful men. They hastened to the defence of their country with a spontaneous impulse, born of a correct knowledge of the

true nature of the cause for which they were to suffer fatigue, exposure, hunger, thirst and the perils of battle; believing that their country's cause was their personal cause, and that the success of the Union arms was a victory for their individual principles.

The Union volunteers were not mere machines, enrolled, disciplined and ranged in living palisades before the enemy, but they were men with ideas, who could, when occasion required, think and act for themselves.

The work of recruiting went briskly on. As soon as eighty were enrolled by any one recruiting officer he went to Albany and received his commission as captain, and also commissions for a first and second lieutenant. The captains took rank according to the date of their commissions, and the companies received their alphabetical designation, commencing with "A," in the order in which their respective captains were commissioned. On the 11th day of October, 1862, at Camp Dutchess, just outside of the City of Poughkeepsie, the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States. It was then we felt that we were real soldiers, and for the first time fully realized the importance of the step we had taken, and imperfectly outlined in our imaginations the life that was before us.

On October 13th we arrived in Baltimore, Maryland, where we remained on guard duty until the following June, with excellent opportunities for drill and instruction in the duties of a soldier. Once during this period, on the 9th of December, we were ordered out to check an expected rebel raid, and proceeded by cars to Adams Town near Monocacy Junction. We were not permitted the satisfaction of meeting the enemy and returned to Baltimore with virgin swords. The only blood shed on that cold campaign, for the thermometer was at about zero, was from two opossums captured by some men on picket duty.

The battle of Chancellorsville had been fought and lost. Ewell had taken up his march down the Shenandoah

Valley: Milroy had been defeated at Winchester, and the triumphant rebel army, led by General Robert E. Lee, the foremost military officer of the Confederacy, was marching into the State of Pennsylvania, when, on the 25th day of June, the Dutchess County Regiment moved with the first Maryland Potomac Home Brigade, General Lockwood in command, to join the Army of the Potomac. We had become tired of garrison life in Baltimore, and hailed with delight the orders that sent us to the field. Thoroughly drilled and disciplined, the 150th with full ranks, in bright uniforms, with unsoiled colors, and to the strains of martial music moved out of Camp Belger and turned their faces toward the enemy. For two days our line of march could be easily followed by the surplus clothing, camp and garrison equipage, dropped by the way and abandoned. The most intense excitement and alarm prevailed throughout the North, and the authorities at Washington were filled with fear and consternation. It seemed a question of a few days only when the rebel host would be sacking the cities of the North, levying contributions upon its citizens and demanding entrance to the capital of the Nation. All the horrors of civil war were at the doors of the men who were defending the Union. The timid were disheartened and discouraged, but the strong, with full reliance upon the justice of our cause and the valor of our soldiers, nerved themselves for the impending struggle, determined to beat back the invaders. The fate of the Nation rested with the Army of the Potomac, then under the command of a noble son of Pennsylvania, General George B. Meade. Our regiment reached Monocacy Bridge, near Frederick City, on June 27th, and with Lockwood's Brigade was attached to the first division of the 12th corps, which division at that time was commanded by General Alpheus S. Williams, the corps being commanded by a distinguished soldier from our own State, General Henry W. Slocum. Do you remember our camp on the hill near Monocacy Bridge, from which point we first saw a por-

tion of that great Army of the Potomac of which we had read so much? For the first time we saw them bivouac, and listened to the music from their brigade bands as it pealed forth upon the air on that still and solemn night. What a spectacle for a recruit to look upon! We were amazed at the length of the wagon trains and batteries of artillery as they filed into the valley below us and went into park for the night. Thousands of camp fires lighted up the region around, and we stood spell-bound at the sight of the vast enginery of war that was before us. It was in this camp, inspired by this spectacle, we first imbibed the true spirit of war and nerved ourselves for the trying scenes we knew we must encounter, and desperate deeds which were before us.

Our cavalry under General Buford had occupied the vicinity of Gettysburg, and the 1st and 11th corps were thrown forward to join the cavalry. The situation indicated to General Meade that it was in the vicinity of Gettysburg that the Confederate commander had decided to concentrate his forces. The first division passed through Gettysburg to Willoughby Run, just beyond Seminary Ridge, where they came up with Buford's cavalry and found them hotly engaged with the advance forces of the rebel column. Here a sanguinary conflict ensued in which the 1st corps and a part of the 11th, together with Buford's cavalry, participated. It lasted from 9 o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon. General John F. Reynolds, the brave and able commander of the 1st corps, was killed in this fight. The first noise of real battle that came to our ears was the boom of the distant cannon as we pressed on toward the battle-field. We did not get in sight of the contending forces that day. Going into camp at a late hour we, for the first time, slept on our arms. It was not daylight when we were in line again and ready to resume the march. Do you remember the voice of Col. Maulsby, who commanded the 1st Maryland Regiment that had gone into camp adjoining us, as on that morning

he told his men of the perils that were before them, and in patriotic words encouraged them to bravely do their duty? We had no speech from our regimental commander. It was not his custom to harangue us with loud-sounding phrases, but he passed quietly down the line and whispered in our ears valuable instruction and sound advice. We moved on in the direction from whence we had heard cannonading on the day previous, and the first unmistakable indications we discovered of a battle were the slightly wounded who were able to get back to the hospitals without assistance. Then we began to encounter ambulances loaded with those who had been seriously wounded. Field hospitals were passed; we could hear the rattle of musketry and see the smoke of the conflict near at hand, and we soon found ourselves a part and parcel of the grand Army of the North, fighting, among these hills, the battle of Gettysburg. The first missiles of war we saw were shells from some rebel batteries passing over our heads entirely too close to be comfortable, and bursting just beyond our lines. We were resting on our arms when we first heard the shriek of these flying projectiles, to us a new, ominous and peculiar sound. We turned our heads one side, with eyes upward, trying to see them as they passed, much as a flock of turkeys will do to catch sight of a hawk. The novelty soon wore off, but we never forgot the identity of the sound, and ever after it was readily distinguished.

On the afternoon of that day, July 2d, we were hurriedly moved to the left to reinforce the gallant soldier, Gen. Sickles. As we passed a farmhouse on our line of march we were told that he was inside just undergoing the operation of having his leg amputated. By this time the killed and wounded were around us on every side. The rapidity of our movement clearly indicated that a sudden emergency had called us to that particular portion of the field, and the scene before us presented all the evidence of disaster to the Federal line of battle. With our full ranks, bright colors and clean uniforms, we

were readily distinguished from the veteran regiments of the Army of the Potomac who had shared its fate in manoeuvres and battles from the time of the fight at Bull Run to that day. All seemed to know who we were. Can you ever forget the almost fiendish shouts of maimed and dying men who had just fallen in the struggle, as they cried out: "Go in Dutchess County! Give it to them, boys! Give it to them?"

Marching in column, four abreast, we soon swung by the right into line, and, for the first time, were in line of battle facing the enemy. The fight at this point had been so severe and deadly that but few troops remained on either side. The lines were broken and scattered. Such rebel forces as were at this point must have fallen back on the approach of reinforcements, for we did not come up with them. We re-captured three cannon, but were not called upon to fire a gun. The artillery fire, however, was constant and terrific. After dark this night we were marched from that portion of the field, and you remember how difficult it was to escape treading on the dead and dying. The cries of the wounded for water, which we could rarely give, constantly fell upon our ears. We heard no complaints, however, and each dying soldier accepted his dreadful fate without a murmur. No sadder spectacle was witnessed than that of a beautiful horse, hobbling about on three legs, having had one leg severed from his body by a cannon ball. The service he rendered will never be known. Of the thousands of dumb brutes that toiled, suffered and died in the war, but one is immortalized, and he is the horse that won the day by carrying Sheridan from Winchester to the battle field.

The following day, July 3d, we had our full part of the fighting. We were called upon to repel the furious attack of Gen. Ewell, which we successfully accomplished here on Culp's Hill. From this point we were ordered to Cemetery Hill to reinforce the lines upon which the rebel General Pickett made one of the most desperate and fa-

mous assaults of the war. While marching rapidly toward the Hill we noticed a lull in the rattle of musketry—a softening of the din of battle, and then, through the smoke and above the noise of the conflict, came a volume of cheers from the Union troops that proved to be the glad cry of victory for the North. We received orders to halt and in a few minutes long columns of Confederate prisoners were seen coming over the Hill.

Our regiment captured that day about two hundred prisoners. Many members of the regiment fired more than two hundred rounds of ammunition each. Our colors were riddled with bullets, and we lost forty-eight men in killed and wounded. Their names are upon the monument.

I shall not undertake to describe the details of the battle, nor can I even refer to many instances of our own experience. We witnessed all the horrors of the war, and found the realization more terrible than the anticipation. Before the sun went down that day the great battle was ended. Every attack had been repulsed. The invasion of the North had failed and the tide of success for the Union arms had set in, never again to be checked. The victory of Gettysburg was a glorious gift to the nation on the anniversary of American Independence, 1863. It was a dear victory, but it was worth the price. The aggregate loss in killed, wounded and missing in this battle was nearly fifty thousand officers and men, almost one-third of the total strength of both armies, indicating most fearful slaughter on all parts of the field. It is said that some of the first corps men, when they entered the field on the first day of the battle, cried out to their comrades: "We have come to stay." Alas, how true the declaration the graves of thousands here testify!

We cannot stop to review the subsequent marches, battles and encampments of the Dutchess County Regiment. There was never a blemish on its record; it did its whole duty and was never in a losing fight. Nearly

all of; its members were from Dutchess County, and it was composed of many who were relatives, friends and acquaintances. It was probably nearer an harmonious family in its composition and feeling than any regiment in the service. There were no jealousies, no selfish rivalries. Col. Ketcham's coolness in times of danger, and thorough knowledge of his duty, saved the regiment many lives. His energy, perseverance and tact secured for his men at all times their full share of supplies. If there were only enough shoes for a portion of the command to which we were attached, the 150th was not the organization to go bare-footed; if rations were to be had Col. Ketcham secured them for the Dutchess County Regiment. After the capture of Atlanta, in the autumn of 1864, Col. Ketcham was granted leave of absence and was enabled to take part in the great political conflict that was then raging at the North. He was elected to Congress and rejoined us in front of Savannah, the objective point of Sherman's famous march to the sea, before its surrender. Here he received serious wounds that prevented him from doing further military duty. Col. Ketcham always had the entire confidence of his command and was loved by every soldier in the regiment. His parting with the regiment was a scene never to be forgotten. In his address at this time, among other things, he said: "I should like very much to march with you through South Carolina, which, as it has been the birthplace of treason, seems now most fitly to become its grave. The thought of separation from you and of leaving the service of my country while she has need of a defender, fills me with sadness. If I should not return, if to day shall sever my relations with you in a military capacity, be assured that day will never come which will sever the ties of friendship and affection which bind me to you." Col. Ketcham has faithfully kept his word. He has been a member of Congress ever since his first election, with the exception of one term, and no matter how hard pressed for time by public or private duties, no

member of the 150th was ever refused an audience by him, and not one ever wrote him a letter and failed to receive a prompt and kind reply. As our commander he won our highest respect and warmest love. We greet him on this memorial day with a renewal of our affection and esteem, and pray that he may live to enjoy many more years of health, prosperity and happiness. I might stop to recount incidents of personal heroism and bestow praise upon individuals who seemed especially deserving, but where all were so faithful to duty it would be difficult to distinguish. One incident, however, is so conspicuous for heroism and Christian fortitude that I must stop to narrate it. Henry L. Stone, of New York City, having originally enlisted in the 145th New York, was assigned to our regiment in January, 1864. While engaged in constructing breastwork in front of Pine Knob, Georgia, a ragged piece of bursted shell tore out his bowels. The lacerated fragments were gathered together and he was borne by his comrades a short distance to the rear to die. He said, "Major, will you call the Colonel?" Major Smith called Colonel Ketcham to the dying soldier's side. Stone said, "Colonel, have I been a good soldier?" The Colonel replied, "Yes, Henry, you have done your duty." Stone answered, "I am glad to hear you say that. Tell my mother how I did my duty. Form around me, my comrades of Company A." They assembled around him, when this dying patriot said, "My work is done. Stand by that old flag; I gave my life for it, and I am glad to do it. Boys stand by that flag." And with these words his spirit was hushed in that sweet repose from which there is no awakening.

Another incident that brought deep sorrow to us all was the death of Lieut. David B. Sleight, who was killed while leading his company in almost the last battle of the war. No officer in the regiment was more highly esteemed, and having so many times escaped the rebel bullets it was hard to be stricken down when the final victory was so near at hand.

We must not allow this opportunity to pass without a grateful allusion to the patriotic women of Dutchess County, who did so much to assist in recruiting the 150th Regiment and properly equipping it for service in the field. You recollect their kind hospitality, their thoughtful charities, the luxuries for camp and hospital, with which, by them, we were so generously supplied. They buckled on our swords, presented our colors, and sent us to the front with words of encouragement that inspired us with hope and valor.

Upon our return to Dutchess County they were the first to welcome us. They spread a banquet for our entertainment, and by what they said and what they did enabled us to forget the pains, sufferings and sorrows of the war and see only its glories. No regiment in the service had kinder friends at home who were ever mindful of its needs. When the time came to erect some suitable memorial to those who were killed on the field, they again came nobly to our assistance, and contributed liberally towards the funds necessary to build the monument we now unveil.

We dedicate this monument to the memory of soldiers who died that a Christian Nation might be perpetuated. Soldiers with ideas unswervable concerning the dearest principles of civil and religious liberty. Soldiers who longed to see one flag floating over a people one in civilization, one in national policy, one in every enterprise for the furthering of universal freedom and the happiness of mankind. Like the prophet of old, they "died without the sight." But, thanks to them and their heroic comrades, that flag does float over a people one in civilization, one in national policy, and one in every beneficent enterprise, and will so float as long as time endures.

We dedicate this monument to the memory of the soldiers of the Dutchess County Regiment who were killed at the Battle of Gettysburg; men who, when their country called for soldiers, volunteered to fight her battles; brave patriots who willingly gave up their lives to prove

to the nations of the earth the success of a republican form of government; men who died to free an enslaved people.

We dedicate this monument to the memory of American soldiers, who with their life's blood wrote a law upon the statute book of the United States, declaring that "he who bears arms in a war having for its object the dissolution of the Union is guilty of treason." Alas, that the mortal remains of Gridley, Marshall, Welling, Sleight, Sweet, Stone, Odell, Lovelace, Palmateer, Story and others of the regiment who were sacrificed upon their country's altar, cannot rest beneath this mass of granite, so well calculated to withstand the ravages of time, and thus have their burial places and their names perpetuated throughout the ages to come. The love of kinsmen and the loyalty of affectionate comrades and friends have done for them, as we have here to-day for those who sleep beneath this monument, all that human hands can do to fittingly mark their graves and keep their memories green. There is no difference in degree; time will place all upon a common level. What are these monuments to which we point with pride? Some day they must crumble into dust. No matter how high and strong we build the fortresses of stone over and around the martyred dead—we might build their granite bases as broad as the pyramids and make their shafts touch heaven, yet would there be higher monuments and stronger fortresses built of the hearts of loyal Americans.

After music by the band, BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D., addressed the audience as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been requested to say a few words on this august occasion. They should be very few indeed, for the wise and eloquent sentences just uttered by your beloved comrade and distinguished fellow-citizen, Judge Gildersleeve, need no supplement. My words will be chiefly reminiscential.

Sallust says: "I have often heard that Quintus Maximus, Publius Scipio, and other renowned persons of the commonwealth used to say, that whenever they beheld the images of their ancestors, they felt their minds vehemently excited to virtue."

Such is or ought to be the effect produced in our minds by the sight of this tattered ensign—this symbol of the patriotism, the virtue, the heroism and the achievements of our fellow-citizens who carried it to the battle-field, followed it as their oriflamme through the fierce tempest of war and brought it back sadly disfigured—no, *glorified*,—by scars which attest the bravery, the fortitude and the fidelity of the noble men who so honored it. What American can look upon such a flag with such a touching record, anywhere, and especially they whose fathers, husbands, sons and brothers had borne it aloft for almost three years and came home with it in triumph, without being vehemently stirred by patriotic emotions?

I remember with what keen interest was watched the growth of that flag, chiefly under the fostering care of the women of Poughkeepsie; and I remember how carefully it was painted by an artist then residing in Poughkeepsie; and how tenderly and proudly it was cherished by its custodians until the supreme moment of its presentation to the regiment.

I well remember the bright October day, twenty-seven years ago, when, at "Camp Dutchess," on the border of the Winnikee, that flag was first unfurled to the breezes of heaven and was presented to the regiment, in behalf of the women of Dutchess County (who had furnished it), by the late Judge Emott, in a stirring speech. It was then bright, unsullied and beautiful. Nearly three years later the same hand received it back again with glowing words of gratitude. It was then scarred by honorable wounds, as we now see it. It is more precious to-day than ever.

The Regiment departed—dismissed with fervent prayers from trembling lips. I soon afterwards followed the

beautiful flag to the training camp Belger, at Baltimore.

And I well remember passing a very stormy night in that camp enjoying the hospitality of our good friend General Smith, who was then the enthusiastic, gallant young Major of the Regiment. I remember the pride and pleasure I felt on being told by Lieutenant-Colonel Bartlett, a graduate of West Point, that Colonel Ketcham, a civilian, had so thoroughly learned the tactics that he then handled the Regiment with the skill of a "regular" veteran.

We, at home, watched the movements of our pet regiment with keenest interest. At length it became a part of the host that was opposing Lee's invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The thunders of battle were heard simultaneously at Gettysburg and at Vicksburg at the beginning of July; and almost simultaneously the "swift couriers of the sun" brought intelligence of victory by the National forces at each point.

We did not know it then, but we do now, that the battle of Gettysburg was the pivotal event in the war, which determined the destiny of our beloved country. Eleven years before that battle, Professor Creasy had published his famous "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the world, from Marathon to Waterloo. To that record a sixteenth should be added—Gettysburg—for it was more decisive—solved a greater and more momentous problem in human history than any battle ever fought before or since.

A few days after the great battle, I stood upon the very spot now occupied by this beautiful memorial on famous Culp's Hill. In every direction around mementos of the great struggle were visible. Here were the breast-works of logs, and rocks and earth which had been cast up in front of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment. On the slope below, up which the Confederates pressed, unexploded shells were half buried in oak trees, the branches of which were cut and bruised by others; and the trunks of nearly all were scarred so thickly with bullet-marks fourteen or fifteen feet above the ground, that

scarcely an inch between them of untouched bark remained, in front of General Slocum's lines. Under the edge of a log where the One Hundred and Fiftieth was stationed I picked up a letter written to one of its captains, by his wife, in which she most feelingly alluded to "our dear little baby," and her anxiety about her "darling husband." At that moment, there were thousands of mothers and wives all over the land, from the lakes to the gulf, with "dear little babies" and anxious about "darling husbands" in the armies.

The regiment went to Tennessee, and under General Sherman, it fought its way through Georgia to Atlanta, thence marched to the sea and made its way to Virginia just as the war closed. Meanwhile grateful citizens at home and the regiment in the field had made the beloved Colonel Ketcham their representative in Congress by election. I remember with what pride and alacrity, at that election, I followed the injunction of the average New York politician,—“Vote early, and often,”—for, serving as a proxy, I was authorized to cast fourteen ballots for their brave and kind Colonel, by “our boys,” who were then “marching through Georgia.” He was elected a quarter of a century ago and has been in Congress ever since, and may remain there as much longer as he chooses.

I followed that flag from Nashville to Atlanta, but at a respectful distance from danger. It was after the war, and I was in quest of historic materials. I followed the Regiment over the high table-lands of south-eastern Tennessee; descended into the valley of the Tennessee river; crossed it and passed along the foot of Lookout Mountain to Chattanooga; climbed to Lookout's lofty summit; went over the battle-field at Resaca and through Allatoona Pass; and near Marietta ascended to the summit of the Great Kenesaw Mountain, in the vicinity of which our Regiment had many hard struggles with the Confederates, while, for three weeks, there was a continual down-pour of rain. I stood upon the spot on the top of Kenesaw where Sher-

man signalled his famous despatch to Corse, at Allatoona (in sight), which was, substantially—" Hold the fort for I am coming." It suggested the stirring Moody and Sankey hymn bearing that title.

I followed the flag across the Chattahoochee River to the defences of Atlanta, before which our Regiment achieved special renown, and where its gallant young Major, then promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, won his spurs, by great skill and bravery. I did not follow the flag in its march from Atlanta to the sea. A few months after that memorable event peace came, and then appeared one of the most sublime spectacles ever seen on the earth. It was the disbanding of the Union army, then nearly 800,000 strong, in the space of a little more than one hundred days, and the transformation of such a vast body of *soldiers* into *civilians*, engaged in the pursuit of peace.

I well remember the coming home of our Regiment and its grand reception by 40,000 citizens of Dutchess and its vicinity on one of the fairest of June days. Flags, banners, arches, covered with evergreens and flowers, made brilliant the passage of the Regiment with its immense escort, through the streets of Poughkeepsie from the river to the Mansion Square Park. The tattered flag was saluted with cheers unceasing. Colonel Smith and his horse, covered with floral tributes, appeared like animated flower-beds. At the Park, crowded with the fair sex, thirty-six young girls, personifying the States, welcomed the returning heroes. Judge Emott, who gave them parting words of cheer, welcomed them with warmest expression of gratitude.

These were thanksgivings that so many of the Regiment who went out with the flag, had returned with it. They had lost only one hundred and thirty-two comrades. Of these, two officers and forty-nine enlisted men had been killed, and three officers and seventy-eight enlisted men had died of disease, accidents, and in prison.

A grateful people are now building and dedicating monuments to the memory of those who died that the

Republic might live. That is *our* errand here to-day. It may be wise for us, and for every American citizen, to ponder the impressive words of President Lincoln, uttered on this battle-field in the Autumn of 1863, on a similar occasion. He said :

“ In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the Nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

Friends: Every American citizen of both sexes, has an equally momentous duty to perform. To us is committed the special work of cherishing those social and political virtues, which shall perpetuate indefinitely the power and beneficent influence of our great Republic, among the nations of the earth.

Let us be faithful.

Gen. H. H. LOCKWOOD, who was too ill to deliver his address, has furnished the manuscript which was prepared for the occasion; it is published as a part of the proceedings.

When Gen. Lee crossed the Potomac in June, 1863, I was in command of a brigade of Maryland troops on the lower Potomac. Ordered to Baltimore with these Maryland troops, the 150th N. Y. Regiment was attached to my command and the brigade ordered to Frederick. Marching to that place by easy stages we encamped on the Monocacy below Frederick, and awaited the arrival of the army of the Potomac. Soon long trains of baggage

wagons were seen crossing the lower bridge, followed by the grand army which, after many battles, had as yet failed to check the army of Northern Virginia.

You may remember the sublime spectacle presented by Meade's army as it lay below us encamped on the wide plain below Frederick. After nightfall its camp-fires were seen everywhere. My brigade was assigned to the 12th Army Corps, and on the following day marched with it by the upper road east of the Monocacy towards Littlestown, Pa., which village we reached on the second day and went into camp, while the rest of the 12th corps passed on towards Gettysburg. This was the night following the first day's fight. The booming of cannon and the rapid movement of trains to and from the depots at Westminster showed that the strife had begun. Long before daylight the next morning we moved toward the battle-field and reported for duty soon after the rising of the sun.

Our position you will remember was on the extreme right, flanked by the small mill-pond above the bridge. This we held till the middle of the afternoon when, with other troops of the 12th corps, we were ordered to the left to reinforce Sickles. When we had reached this scene of strife the contest assumed great proportions. Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery, army of Potomac, says in his sketch of the battle of Gettysburg, published in the *Century*, that at no time was the result of Sickles' defence graver than at about the time the 12th corps joined in the contest. Formed in two lines Lockwood's independent brigade of the 12th corps—for such was its title and so known in official reports—rushed with many cheers into the thickest of the fight over ground strewn with dead and wounded, and many other evidences of having been successively lost and won. The enemy fell back and our brigade reached the celebrated peach orchard, and there, with other troops, held the enemy in check. Night following, the enemy fell back and gave up an attempt on the left. Colonel Maulsby, commanding one of

my regiments, thinks that the field just back of the peach orchard should be the site of our regimental monuments. Though little blood was shed here by us, our resolute charge and firm stand at that critical hour, had much to do in determining the contest. The *Compte de Paris* in his history of the battle mentions this independent brigade with rare merit, and ours is about the only brigade named by him because it was the only one not acting with a division.

Those of you that may desire a full account of this battle and of the part taken by our brigade should read this memoir. Many other accounts of this battle have been published, but are generally partisan or colored.

Falling back to resume our old position on the right we reached the Baltimore pike and were surprised to find the enemy's pickets near by. During the absence of the 12th corps the enemy had driven in the few troops left to guard our right and hold the works. We lay near the pike on our arms till break of day. The enemy lay under cover before Culp's hill. Our brigade then supported heavy batteries, which shelled the enemy, and afterwards formed line to charge them under cover of these batteries; 150th N. Y. on the left of our line. This charge was made in the most gallant manner and at considerable loss, the enemy falling back behind a stone fence near the summit of the hill. With some difficulty the men were checked from exposing themselves to the deadly fire of the enemy. Doubtless they would have driven them back over the hill, but it was deemed best to bring other troops on their flanks and thus effect the same result without serious loss. Thus, the ground lost during our absence was recovered and the right regained.

It is to commemorate this phase of this memorable battle and gallant deeds of the 150th N. Y. therein, that this beautiful monument is erected.

Subsequently my brigade occupied the rifle-pits on Culp's hill till the close of the third day and the end of the struggle. You doubtless remember the glorious 4th

following, and how the heavens were opened and we became damp, half-drowned soldiers, as we lay in bivouac alongside the pike, and how with filled stomachs and haversacks, we made the long and dreary march to Williamsport, hoping there to encounter and capture the retreating army of Gen. Lee. How we made the dreary, wet, miserable march into the village and found the bird flown; how with the 12th corps we marched to Maryland Heights, when my connection with the 150th N. Y. terminated, though by no means my interest in the gallant regiment. You will find when the volume of rebellion records containing an account of the battle of Gettysburg comes to be published that no brigade, no regiment, is more strongly commended than is the independent brigade of the 12th corps and the 150th N. Y. Regiment. The 150th N. Y. passed on with Meade's army to gain other laurels, whilst I with my Maryland regiments was added to the garrison at Harper's Ferry, of which I assumed the command. No battle stands more conspicuous in the history of the war than that of Gettysburg, nor had any one more important consequences. It was the turning point in the war, and had it been lost it is fearful to regard the consequences. Our success there, added to the capture of Vicksburg, the same day, broke the backbone of the rebellion. This battle looms up brighter and brighter as time rolls on, and your children and mine will ever be proud that we were there. Its bearing on the future was not so fully seen at the time as it is at this day because of the disappointment felt by the country in our failure to overcome Lee at Williamsport.

I knew from a personal interview with President Lincoln, how grateful he felt at the success of our army on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, and how deeply he mourned that this was not followed up before Lee escaped over the Potomac.

COL. WILLIAM P. MAULSBY, late of the First Regiment Potomac Home Brigade, Maryland Volunteers, was introduced by General Ketchum, and was greeted with a

volley of cheers ; in his own inimitable way he entertained his auditors with this fine address :—

I am asked to say something. After what has been said, what remains to be said? And yet, under the inspiration of seeing before me so many eyes into which I looked, over twenty-six years ago, for helpful encouragement that what we were jointly ordered to do would assuredly be done, heightened by the beamings from the bright eyes of the ladies who are here to-day (from their New York homes) to testify their enthusiastic commendation of what was done, how can I refuse, my comrades? Yes comrades indeed, and in truth! It is impossible for any, who have not experienced it, to conceive the perfect community of thought, of feeling, of dedication of self to death or life, according as the God of Battles may decree, which is realized by masses of men engaged, side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, in the supreme duty of fighting, amidst shot and shell and storms of minnie balls, for the maintenance of the power of popular government to govern. We were brothers in fact and truth! We are brothers to-day, as we recall the memories of our doings twenty-six years ago, and our children and our children's children *will be* brothers in like cause until government amongst men shall be superseded by the government of the only ONE Supremely perfect Governor.

This I say, not hypothetically, not hopefully, but as matter of hard fact, ascertained, fixed, demonstrated by the history of the time of which we speak. Let all men, on all the earth, take this as settled: we are one people, one Government, made up of many, but all in harmonious accord—Government, by the people, of themselves, is to stand.

Let political philosophers and theorists debate and propose as they may. For us, and with us, political philosophy has culminated in the demonstrated, irreversible fact, that popular Government is the truest, the justest, the *strongest* Government devised by human wit.

And what can I say except to refresh our recollections of some of the incidents, in which we were joint actors, amid these trees and rocks, and on yonder fields.

We, 150th New York and 1st Maryland P. H. B., were closest associates from the commencement of the Gettysburg Campaign, at Monocacy Junction, to its close at Williamsport.

Of what we did together it is fit that I only speak on this occasion. The 1st E. S. Maryland was brigaded with us as Lockwood's Brigade, attached to 12th Corps, but did not reach us until the morning of the third day at Gettysburg, where, at Culp's Hill, it proved itself a worthy associate.

When, on the morning of the 2d day, our line of battle was finally established, we were stationed together on the extreme right and entrusted with the holding of that position.

In the afternoon of that day a movement occurred to which Judge Gildersleeve has referred, and which I ask his leave to attempt a fuller description of.

On the happening of the disaster to General Sickles' Corps on our left, we, 150th N. Y. and 1st Md. P. H. B., were ordered from the right to the left, to aid in repairing the mischief and retaking the field. We moved, as you will remember, in a quick step, breaking at times into a double quick, over the small wagon road leading from the Baltimore Pike to the Taneytown Road, under a broiling sun, the men with no encumbrances but their guns, full cartouch boxes, and blankets rolled and swung over their shoulders.

We found this narrow road filled with Sickles' men, seeking hospitals, and bearing every conceivable kind of ghastly wounds, some with one leg shot off, some with one arm shot away, carried and helped along by their less wounded comrades, and all covered with blood, sweat, and the black, grimy smoke and dust and dirt of the battle.

Don't you recollect, General Ketcham, when we first met this spectacle, how anxiously we turned in our saddles to watch the effect on our men; whether it unnerved them, or stiffened their sinews, and "summoned up the blood;" and don't you remember how the sight we met was of every man unhitching his blanket, throwing it away in the road, and breaking into a quicker step? And how we felt that all was right, and that every order we might receive, and give, would be obeyed to the letter?

Reaching a little eminence beyond the Taneytown Road, we were ordered by General Williams to form line of battle (which was done without halting), fix bayonets and charge at double quick.

Can you remember now, without a thrill, that scene, when with shell bursting around, and over, and amongst them, the men, with roars of cheer, which might well make the enemy in our front mistake the fourteen hundred men moving on them for the entire right of the Union army—as General Longstreet did—made that bayonet charge, at double quick, past the base of little Round Top, over the wheat field, to, and ending only at, the ravine beyond the wheat field, more than half a mile beyond the Union line—capturing three pieces of artillery; and how the enemy retired before them in a pace quickened by the bayonets in their rear?

It is true that as Phœbus' tired horses were descending to their western resting place, he helped us to seem many more than, in fact, we were, by darting his brightest rays on our clean gun-barrels and bayonets, and so producing such glittering corruscations as might well make one gun and bayonet appear to be ten.

This charge was led, in part by General Meade, and wholly by Generals Williams and Lockwood.

You and I, sir, (General Ketcham) were proper and discreet enough to keep in our assigned places in the rear of our men; but you know, and all know, that our Brigade Commander, Lockwood, would always be right in front of the front rank. Forgetting that, if the enemy should make

a stand, he must have been right between the meeting bayonets and could not well have avoided getting hurt. But on this occasion, anyhow, he would not heed prudence.

I have referred to this charge because Judge Gildersleeve, who was in it too, has said that we were not obliged to fire a gun. I beg to remind him that we were not called on to fire minnies on this occasion, but to use bayonets.

That the bayonets were not bloodied was because our friends on the other side did not stand long enough to give the bayonets a chance to show what metal they were made of. I thought then, and have always thought, that no more beautiful movement could ever have occurred on a field of battle than this bayonet charge, continued, as it was, for at least a mile-and-a-half with the same vim with which it started. And I have mentioned it, too, because I have, within a few years past, heard it asserted by those who have professed to know, that this charge was an important factor in the result of the Gettysburg campaign. I believe the facts were that the enemy had obtained a footing within the Union lines in such a position as would have enabled it to assault Hancock's line in its rear, and so, much endanger the result of the battle. It was absolutely necessary that this force should be dislodged. A large force from our right had been ordered to meet our two regiments and assist in the work. In some way that force had mistaken the road, and our Regiments only were at hand. I recollect the intense anxiety of General Williams' manner and tone when he gave the order for the bayonet charge. Uniformly tranquil and quiet, this was the only occasion when I ever saw him betray excitement. General Meade's presence and participation indicated the importance he attached to it. By good luck, favored by the character of the ground over which we passed, by the play of the sun's rays, and by the woods on both our flanks, or by God's help, as it may have been, our comparatively small force accomplished the end desired.

That movement may have been an important factor. But please, Mr. Historian (Mr. B. J. Lossing), do not state it so on my authority. I am no authority for any historic fact, except that our two regiments tried to do their duty, as did tens of thousands of other men.

The fact is that neither General Ketcham nor I thought or knew anything, on the occasion in question, save only that Generals Meade, Slocum, and Williams gave orders to General Lockwood. He gave them to us, we to our officers and men, and they executed them. This is no mock modesty; only the plain, real truth. Yes, it was the men who carried the cartouch boxes, the muskets, and the bayonets, who, in real fact did what was done. And it is not just that whatever honor accrued from their doings should be given to other than themselves.

And here let me say that the 150th New York stands alone, so far as my knowledge goes, in rendering to the men the honor that is their due. Inscribed on its noble monument appear the names of all its officers and of all its men; those who have been spared, as well as those who have gone from earthly to Heavenly places. May I not, Mr. Chaplain (Rev. E. O. Bartlett), hope that, having been obedient to duty unto death, they have reaped the reward of obedience? Nay, may we not believe that the moment they faced death a Divine voice, audible only to each man's inner consciousness, commanded them to die like men in rendering to duty its due service; that their perfect obedience to that voice, mounting above every other hope, and fear, to the last, highest pinnacle of duty, won that compassionate Mercy, which merged in that last act of perfect obedience the shortcomings and misdoings of former lives? that they are safe, how much safer, there, than we, the survivors, here? Straight and blessed is the path of duty!

Time would be wanting, if it were otherwise in good taste, to recount the acts of our two regiments on the third and last day. How at early day-break both were supporting the batteries first opened to drive the enemy

from our entrenchments, which, in our absence on our left the night before, the foe had occupied. How at sunrise, near Spangler's Spring, nearly a hundred of the officers and men of my own regiment lay dead and wounded within a few minutes; and how, in a short time after, both regiments were engaged, for hours, with Ewell's Corps, on Culp's Hill; you, where your monument stands, and we near by—and how, when Ewell was driven, and we had hoped that the worst was over, we were summoned to Cemetery Hill to aid in repulsing that last desperate charge of Pickett.

Pictures of battle-fields show the horses of commanding officers with curved necks, distended nostrils, with one foot on the earth, and the other three clear above it; and their riders with flashing swords, streaming plumes, and gold lace glittering in the sunlight, dashing as if the issue of battle depended on the speed with which they were borne.

Our experience at Gettysburg cannot attest the faithfulness to life of such pictures. I do not believe that one single horse was seen with three feet in the air, and only one on the ground, outside the cavalry or artillery. A more quiet, gentle, orderly set of horses than those of the general officers, or moving at more deliberate pace, it would be hard to find anywhere.

More unostentatious, sedate, thoughtful-looking, plain men, than the horses' riders, would be equally hard to find. I feel assured that no one plume floated in the breeze; no one sword flashed in the sunlight, nor one golden epaulette made its appearance, nor other insignia than of downright hard work. Their orders were delivered by gentlemen to those whom they recognized as gentlemen, and rather in the tone and garb of polite requests than of orders; and they were none the less effective on that account.

Every man within the sound of my voice, who was there, will say that this description fits Slocum, Williams, Ruger, Greene and Lockwood, with whom we were

brought into more immediate contact. Each was a courteous gentleman. Each assumed nothing towards officer, or private. They, and all of us, were comrades. All were equal—each in his sphere of duty.

Your regimental commander at that time was, and is, a fair example of the rest. Who ever saw him anywhere, other than an unobtrusive, quiet gentleman, always alert, and never demonstrative.

It may pain you, ladies, to know that the gold laces and flaunting feathers which decorated them when you (proudly but nervously too) bade them good-bye on their leaving your homes for the tented fields, were all tucked carefully away when they reached the field, and only brought out again, looking fresh and new from their long retirement, when they were donned for your admiration, on coming home.

The truth is, that at Gettysburg they were not handsome. Their looks would not have thrilled the bosom of a maiden, however susceptible. They were neither shaven or shorn, nor was their linen immaculate, nor their boots nicely blacked.

In fine, they were not lovable in appearance, anyhow. Of course, present company is excepted. I know that I could not convince some of you that the early or the later commander of the Dutchess County Regiment, and others of the gentlemen around us who were lucky enough to be owned—such, for instance, as Captain Woodin—were not moulded by Nature after the same model on which the old-time sculptor fashioned his Apollo Belvidere.

The owners of such chattels have “optics keen, I ween, to see what is not to be seen” by duller eyes, in studying the lines of beauty of their own flesh and blood statues; and well it is that it is so, or else none of us might pass for the Adonises that our *owners* know we are. Who would not be held in such slavery “hath no music in his soul.”

But one thing is certain. They stood in their tracks. When told to advance they advanced. They were never

told to retreat, and they did not retreat. The battles of Gettysburg may fairly be said to have been marked by one distinguishing feature—one peculiarity, and that was of plain, hard, stand-up fighting. On both sides the rule of every man was to stand and fight. Evolutions, tactics, and science were not in requisition.

If the retiring disposition of our friends on the other side, on the occasion of the charge alluded to, was an exception, I dare say it was induced, somewhat, by their own consciousness that they were trying to get behind, and fight at the backs, instead of in the front, of Hancock's men, and their feeling that it was not exactly the fair thing.

An incident, illustrating the real spirit of the Union private soldiers of 1863, and to the end.

In the course of the charge mentioned we were obliged to pass over a long line of killed and wounded earlier in the day. As we passed, stepping carefully over and between the bodies, not a sound was uttered by the suffering wounded.

They suffered and were still, so long as actual service was being done in the cause for which they had fallen. But when, in a short time after, the charge had ended, and night was coming on, and they realized that their comrades were no longer in action and could heed and help them without neglect of other duty, their groans and cries for help went up, and were responded to. Such was the manhood of the masses of the men who composed the Army of the Union. The cause was first, themselves secondary.

It is neither a poetic fiction, nor a rhetorical flourish, but a hard fact, that little more than a hundred years ago, our Fathers founded a government whose corner stone was that "Governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." And that they toiled, and suffered, and shed precious blood, through seven years for the privilege of doing so.

The sequence that the governed are best qualified and entitled to exercise their own powers, and to give or withhold their own consent, was the cause in which the Gettysburg of 1863 took place—in which the dead died, and the wounded suffered.

We would be littler than little mice—smaller than the pigmiest dwarfs, if we did not hold “our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor,” as but tributary to that cause.

This is not rhetoric. Plain fact to be realized, and always kept in mind, by every true-hearted American citizen.

This is the whole story. This, the whole meaning and intent of the men who gave to the Gettysburg of July, 1863, its fame. *Esto perpetua.*

CAPTAIN WILLIAM R. WOODIN, late of the 150th, delivered an address of beauty and power, which the editor apologizes for not publishing by, making a statement of the reason therefor: The reporter for the regiment and the representatives of the press present, supposing his address was in manuscript, all failed to take notes; when his speech was asked for the Captain replied, “I have never written one in my life,” and when it was suggested that he then write it his declaration was, “I don’t remember a thing that was said,”

The editor greatly regrets the omission of such a fine address, and that this break in the chain of oratorical eloquence, pathos and eulogy, should have thus unwittingly been made.

CAPTAIN OBED WHEELER, owing to the length of the exercises, requested an excuse from speaking.

LIEUT.-COL. STEPHEN V. R. CRUGER was introduced and spoke as follows:

General Ketchum, Comrades of the 150th, Ladies and Gentlemen :

It has long been a cherished wish of mine to visit Gettysburg, but I am now glad that it has not been fulfilled until to-day, as it enables me to join you, my comrades, in visiting the memorable battle-field of twenty-six years ago, where our regiment had its first experience in actual service, and in dedicating this beautiful monument to the memory of those brave comrades who went with us, full of hope, enthusiasm and patriotism, and gave up their lives in a great cause.

It is right that we should perpetuate their memory, not alone because we fought side by side with them, but to constantly keep before the people the history of our great war for the preservation of the Union, to fill the hearts of the young men of to-day and of the future with the desire to study its history, and thus be prepared to respond to the call of their country with the same alacrity as did the hundreds of thousands of brave men to the call of Abraham Lincoln.

Let us hope that our country may never again be plunged in civil war; but the sufferings and sacrifices of the War of the Rebellion were in vain, unless the spirit of 1861 is inherited by the coming generations, and a determination that one great question was then settled, for all time, that this Union can never be dissolved.

In dedicating this monument to our heroic dead, we appeal to you, young men, to hold aloft the standard carried by those who are fast passing away. We extend cordial expressions of sympathy to those relatives and friends of our dead heroes who participate with us to-day in these ceremonies. They have the proud satisfaction of feeling that the memory of their loved ones is treasured by a nation.

In conclusion, comrades, let me assure you of the pleasure it gives me to meet you again on this historic field.

MRS. REV. E. O. BARTLETT read the poem composed
by WALLACE BRUCE for the occasion :

ON GUARD.

THE 150TH REGIMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

"We cannot consecrate this field,
Or hallow ground where heroes stood ;"—
Thus spoke the man whose words have sealed
Our lips in Freedom's Holyrood.

"We cannot dedicate ;" too well
Our Lincoln knew the Temple's cost ;
He heard the nation's anthem swell :—
"Your deeds survive, our words are lost."

"The brave men, living and the dead,
Who wrought the epic of the free,
Have consecrated here," he said,
"The land, the world, to liberty."

And now amid the whirling years,
That punctuate the swift decades,
You come with blended joy and tears,
In peace beneath the gathering shades,

To contemplate from hill to hill
The line you held those bitter days ;
Again to feel your pulses thrill,
Once more to take your meed of praise ;

With noble monument to mark
The spot where Dutchess, tried and true,
Stood by the faith when skies were dark,
And stars were blotted from the blue ;

A picket outpost here for aye,
With watchword of the Hudson born,
To note the moonlight shadows play,
To greet with joy the early morn ;

A silent sentinel to keep
Its post along the quiet line ;
A Bannockburn, where brothers sleep ;
A Waterloo, where roses twine.

Ay, Gettysburg, thy name at last
Proclaims the triumph of the race :—
'Tis here the future greets the past,
And faith asserts her crowning grace:

No other battle field like thine,
Where love joins hands across the way :
One flag, one land, a sacred shrine
Alike unto the Blue and Gray.

Then rear the graven stone with pride
Along the line where freedom's van
Shall speak to generations wide
The final victory of man :—

That love and law shall reign supreme
Where'er the starry banner waves,
When stones that now in sunlight gleam
Shall lie in dust above their graves.

The services were concluded by CHAPLAIN E. O.
BARTLETT, who pronounced the

BENEDICTION :—

The God of Peace, that brought again from the dead
our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the Sheep, make
His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you,
and make these memorial services a great and lasting
blessing to us and to our country, Amen.



INFORMAL, RE-UNION CAMP-FIRE.

A rousing, and in every way an enjoyable, camp-fire was held in the large hall of the Springs Hotel, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 18th, which was attended by most of the veterans of the regiment who had been present at the dedication ceremonies, and the guests who accompanied them.

The Gettysburg Grand Army Band furnished appropriate music.

Gen. A. B. SMITH requested Captain OBED WHEELER to read a number of letters received by the committee having in charge the erection of the monument and the dedicatory exercises. They were as follows:—

75 WEST 71ST ST.,
NEW YORK, Aug. 31, 1889.

Col. A. B. Smith, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.:

MY DEAR SIR.—I greatly regret my inability to be present at the unveiling of a monument to their fallen comrades by the survivors of the 150th Regiment N. Y. Infantry, on the 17th proximo, your kind invitation to which is just received.

Please accept my sincere thanks for this remembrance, and with assurances of my highest regards to every member present, believe me,

Very truly yours,

W. T. SHERMAN,
General.

Aug. 23d, '89.

MY DEAR COL:—Your favor of yesterday has just come to hand. I regret that I cannot be with you at the dedication of your monument. I am compelled to leave for New Mexico on Sept. 1st, and shall be absent during all the month. I hope I may be able to meet your Association on some future occasion.

Yours truly,

H. W. SLOCUM,

COL. A. B. SMITH.

ELKSLIE,
RHINECLIFF-ON-HUDSON,
Aug. 19, '89.

MY DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for your cordial invitation to join your excursion to Gettysburg on the occasion of the dedication of the monument erected to the memory of the brave men of the 150th New York Infantry, who gave their lives to save the nation on that historic field.

It would give me great pleasure if I could join members of the Regiment and other friends from our county on so interesting an occasion, but I expect the return of my wife and eldest daughter from Europe on the day of your departure and must meet them on their arrival in New York.

Very truly yours,

A. B. SMITH.

LEVI P. MORTON.

TROY, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1889.

Gen. A. B. Smith, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.:

SIR.—I acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of your kind invitation to be present at the Dedication of the 150th Regiment Monument on the 17th inst., at Gettysburg.

Our commission meets at Gettysburg on Tuesday next, and will be in session nearly all the week, consequently, I will not be able to stay over for your ceremonies on account of business engagements.

Thanking you most cordially for the beautiful badge and kind remembrance,

I remain,

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH B. CARR.

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA,
Sept. 6, 1889.

To Colonel A. B. Smith and others:

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE.—I am glad for the remembrance shown in your very kind invitation to be present at the dedication on the 17th inst., of the Monument of the 150th New York Infantry on the field of Gettysburg, and am very sorry I cannot be present, except in sympathy as to the object, and in good will to those engaged, which I offer as to the former and send to the latter.

Very truly yours,

THOS. H. RUGER.

Brig. General, U. S. Army.

CAMP 1ST U. S. INFANTRY,
SANTA CRUZ, CAL., Sept. 13, '89.

MY DEAR COLONEL.—Your very kind letter inviting me to meet the surviving members of the 150th Infantry and I regret that I am not

able to accept it. I will be with you in spirit on the 16th, 17th and 18th, and beg you to give my warm regards to all my friends.

Very sincerely yours,

CHAS. G. BARTLETT.

Lt.-Col. 1st U. S. Infantry.

CAMP ALEXANDER CHAMBERS, MONT.,

Aug. 31, 1889.

Gen. A. B. Smith, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.:

DEAR GENERAL.—Yours of the 23d reached me here where we are camped for 20 days with 11th Cavalry and 9th Infantry companies to learn the art of war, so you will see that I cannot accept your kind invitation to be present at Gettysburg. I should like to be very much. Will you please remember me to all our old crowd that you meet. I shall think of you all on the 17th of September.

This camp of ours is on the Little Missouri in the southeast corner of Montana. When I tell you that it is 150 miles from our Post and that I marched on foot you will know my health is not delicate. Please excuse my writing with a pencil as I have no ink in my tent. Thank you kindly for remembering me.

Very truly yours,

P. M. THORN, Capt. 22d Infantry.

Late Capt. 150th N. Y. V.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10, 1889.

MY DEAR GENERAL.—Nothing would delight me more than to attend the Regimental re-union at Gettysburg to dedicate a monument to the memory of our comrades who fell in that battle. I have waited two weeks thinking I might manage it, but am now obliged to decline. I am just getting settled in a house in the city, where I suppose I shall be stationed for the next three or four years, unless the exigencies of the times should in the meantime call General Cook, upon whose staff I am and A. D. C., to some other part of the country.

Will you please say to my friends how much I regret the loss of this opportunity to see so many of them, the more as I am fully sensible of the havoc that is yearly made in our ranks.

My family is fairly well, the boys, one of them as large as I am, attending school.

My wife joins with me in kindest remembrances for yourself and Mrs. Smith.

Very sincerely your friend,

GEN. A. B. SMITH,

C. S. ROBERTS.

Poughkeepsie.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1889.

Genl. A. B. Smith :

MY DEAR GEN'L.—Your kind invitation to accompany you and your friends to Gettysburg, Monday next, is at hand. It would afford me

great pleasure to go with you, but my absence for nearly six weeks, compels me to attend to my personal affairs in N. Y., requiring the most of next week. You will please accept my thanks for your kindness, and the hope of both Mrs. R. and myself that you may all have a pleasant time and safe return.

Yours truly,

C. M. ROWLEY.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., September 4th, 1889.

*General A. B. Smith, Chairman Gettysburg Monument Committee, 150th
Regt. N. Y. Inf., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

DEAR GENERAL.—I regret that I shall be unable to be present at Gettysburg at the dedication of your Monument on the 17th. inst. By previous appointment I shall be engaged as referee in the trial of a cause during that week.

I highly appreciate the honor of receiving your invitation to meet with you and I hope you will have an enjoyable occasion and a favorable time for your dedicating services, and for visiting the battle-field now made so interesting by the many monument erected to mark the positions of the troops there engaged.

I thank you for the very beautiful badge designed for the occasion.

I send you by this day's mail a report of the proceedings at the dedication of my Regiment Monument last October which I trust may interest you.

Very sincerely yours,

C. A. RICHARDSON.

After the band had entertained the company with patriotic airs, Captain WHEELER stated that at the hour of dedication, on the day before, a dispatch conveying fraternal greetings had been sent to the Thirteenth New Jersey, then holding a re-union at Montclair, N. J., and read what had been sent.

GETTYSBURG, PA., Sept. 17, 1889.

To Dr. John J. H. Love, Montclair, N. J.

The One Hundred and Fiftieth New York, now dedicating its monument, sends fraternal greetings to the glorious Thirteenth.

GEN. JOHN H. KETCHAM, Pres. Asso.

COL. A. B. SMITH.

The Captain stated that to this dispatch an answer had been received, and read it:—

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Sept. 17, 1889.

To Gen. John H. Ketcham:

The Thirteenth New Jersey Veteran Association here received your cordial greeting and return to our affectionate greetings, and sides-

partners for three years, our fraternal, earnest and hearty well-wishes to you all—that you may live long and nobly die. “Love to Pete.”

A. M. MATTHEWS, Prest. Asso.

The Captain requested “Pete” to rise up and speak; no one responding, Gen. SMITH said, “there he sits behind you,” pointing to the Rev. E. L. ALLEN, late of the 13th New Jersey; Capt. WHEELER called upon him to answer for “Pete,” and the Rev. comrade arose and said:—

Mr. Chairman, brothers of the 150th New York, Ladies, Gentlemen and Friends: There is no obligation resting upon me to reveal the reason why my old friend Capt. MATTHEWS refers to me as “Pete.” I suspect, however, that this old time and tried army friend of mine (he was kindly notified several days ago that, because of an acceptance of the invitation given by my brothers of the 150th New York to attend the dedication of their monument, I would necessarily not be present at the re-union of my old regiment, which occurred on the same day; and, no doubt, because I deserted my own colors to do duty on this auspicious occasion with the 150th New York) has taken this means to punish me, and also to stab my ministerial dignity.

There are some things—some events in our lives—that we love to think about; others we wish to forget, while we never can rest until there has been confession. Such a burden has been mine for many years, and now that an opportunity is given me I shall rid myself of it. It has been a great mystery—has sorely puzzled the officers of the 150th to ascertain how, at Milledgeville, the regiment was made happy—so happy as to be unfit for duty; it was my good fortune to discover, not far from the town, a number of barrels containing a liquid which was very strong—peppery; having no use for it myself, and knowing that some of the troops would find it and appropriate it, I went over where the 150th was encamped, and, like your illustrious Colonel—now a General and Member of Congress—went about among you *whispering in your ears!*

Soon one of those barrels was in your camp, and it was asserted next day that every man in the regiment was "*fell*," save a sober elder in the Presbyterian church at Poughkeepsie and Capt. WOODIN. And, now, having cleared up this mystery of so long standing, my way is clear to tell you what I think of you—an opportunity long desired and now happily afforded me.

Your invitation, which I considered a high honor, was accepted (and I am here with you instead of attending my own regimental re-union), because of the friendliness which was always manifested by the 150th New York toward the 13th New Jersey, and the fact that since the war I have been more closely identified with the members of the 150th than those of my old regiment. I wanted to join my thanksgivings with yours and have a share in the satisfaction which came with the culmination of your noble efforts to mark the spot where you stood with us and made history, while receiving your first assault from the armed hosts of rebellion.

The members of my regiment and you were like brothers; we stood together in times of great peril, and the 13th New Jersey always felt safe when the 150th was by its side or in the line behind it; for you always *stood* and never *retreated*. We always believed you felt the same when our positions were reversed, and have had good reason for our faith.

I am glad to look down into your eyes—to grasp your hands, and to say—what is true—that no braver men, better officers, or truer soldiers could be found anywhere than were in the 150th New York. Your record is second to none in that mighty army which made so much history by fighting its way from Chattanooga to Raleigh.

I remember how the *stars* appeared in broad daylight upon Lookout's summit, rising above the clouds and shooting down the sides of the mountain, moving on and on, chasing the flying confederates and compelling the "Western" boys to take back the assertion that the

"Army of the Potomac soldiers could not fight." The *stars* kept sailing on, while *aide* after *aide*, orderly after orderly were sent to order them back, until at last there was no one to send and Gen. Grant said "for God's sake tell Hooker's men to come back: *Stop the stars!*"

You dashed up against Rocky-faced Ridge; scaled Buzzard Roost; rushed through Snake Creek Gap and knocked at the back door of Resaca for admission to the town; but, after battering away and finding it effectually closed, tried the front door and soon gained entrance.

You were at Pine Knob, Lost and Kenesaw mountains; and at Culp's farm, we—the 150th New York and 13th New Jersey—did nearly all the fighting. You trod the wine-press in front of Atlanta for nearly six weeks, and then entered the city as its conquerors. You went on the pic-nic to the sea and suffered with the rest of us in the rice swamps in front of Savannah. On Argyle Island you remember that a gun-boat sent us some 64-pound *pills*, and one of them, after penetrating a building, went on and *took seven legs from five men* in your regiment. There, also, I stood over your gallant, severely wounded, Colonel Ketcham—and it has been a memory. You went across the Carolinas, and at Averysborough and Bentonville maintained your reputation and added to your deserved renown; you were also "in" at the death of the Confederacy when Johnston surrendered; and thus you made history, as you also did here, at Gettysburg, of which you doubtless wonder why I have not spoken. It has been reserved for the last, because here you began making history by being *veterans*—which may be accounted for partially by the fact that you were fighting with veterans—in your first engagement, and were led by such capable and gentlemanly officers—men who since the war have attained eminence in so many directions, in civil, social and military circles; and because, also, here you are *perpetuating*, in your magnificent monument, the history you made. And this is fitting; for here, where the waves of disunion rose the highest,

and dashed and surged against the battlements of the Union with the greatest fury, you laid your own bodies down as a break-water and defence, declaring that over them the high-swelling sea of rebellion should not ride unless you first died. When you rose up, the tides had carried secession Appomattox-ward, and the beginning of the end was seen—for you had kept your word.

Permit me to say that, in my opinion, you should perpetuate your history, also, by placing in every library in Dutchess Co., in every historical society, and in every public library, a well-bound, printed record of your dedication ceremonies, that your history may also be known by the generations which will follow those now living.

GEN. ALFRED B. SMITH was a "volunteer" for the statement that, as the camp-fire was an entirely informal affair, all present were to take part—everybody to speak—and have as enjoyable a time as possible. But before they called any one out, and while upon his feet, he wished to acknowledge the fact that no adverse criticism of the monument or of the work of the committee had been heard. The reverse was true, for every expression was that of satisfaction and commendation. While it was to be expected that a few of the members could not please the many, and the committee expected suggestions offered as to how improvements might have been made, it was remarkable that not only all the survivors present, but the guests as well, used the most gratifying terms when speaking of the monument and those who had labored to build it and secure such a successful dedication. For this expression, which was characteristic of the men of the regiment, he was grateful, and voiced the sentiments of his associates in tendering acknowledgment for the favor with which the whole enterprise, from its inception to the final culmination of their efforts, had been received; and though a very few had felt the burden and responsibility, the crowning success and admiration of the regiment and its friends for the memorial shaft, fully compensated for all the toil.

GEORGE E. BISSELL, a veteran of the army and navy, the designer of the monument, was invited to speak and said as he had never been accustomed to public speaking, he would request the privilege of providing an excellent "substitute" in the person of Rev. Dr. HATFIELD.

The Rev. W. F. HATFIELD, D.D., was immediately "enlisted" into the service and gave voice to his patriotism in the following admirable words:—

Mr. President, Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen: To speak for one who has immortalized his name by performing a duty to his country and to the brave men who were members of the regiment under whose auspices we have met, and who laid down their lives to preserve the Union is no ordinary task. Had I been called upon to discuss a moral or a theologic question I might have said something pertinent to the subject, but to speak on monuments is a topic not usually introduced into the pulpit, for the good reason that clergymen know less of their merit than they are supposed to know of the merit of those for whom they are erected.

The position that I am called unexpectedly to fill, although not as perilous as that occupied by this regiment 26 years ago yonder on Culp's Hill, yet it is nevertheless quite responsible, and I would that some worthier one had been chosen to represent my distinguished friend who is too modest to speak of the noble work that he has done; a work that has received the highest commendation from some of the most celebrated masters of art. I have beheld with wonder and admiration the various designs carved out of granite and marble that have been reared on this memorable battle-field, but none has more deeply impressed me by its beautiful symmetry and its artistic design and finish than the one dedicated yesterday by the 150th N. Y. Regiment to the memory of their fallen comrades. Long may it stand on the spot so gallantly defended by the living and the dead, not only a monu-

ment to those who fell, but also a monument to the genius and skill of him to whom we all owe a debt of gratitude we can never repay.

It was a custom among the Greeks for their young men, their soldiers and those on whom the burdens of the state rested, frequently to visit the nation's battle-fields--Thermopylae, Marathon, Salamis—to build monuments, to recite poems and pronounce orations, in memory of their fallen heroes, that patriotism might not die out, and that those who fought for their country might know that they would be held in grateful and lasting remembrance. Those who laid down their lives in the war of the Great Rebellion need not monuments to perpetuate their memory. The pen of the historian will do that, but that love of country may grow stronger—human sympathy be more manifest, and that we as a people may show to present and future generations that Republics are not ungrateful, it is fitting that monuments should be erected, and dedicated with imposing ceremonies, camp-fires kindled and visits made to such sacred places as Bunker Hill, Yorktown, and Gettysburg as long as the nation exists.

I thank you, sir, for your cordial invitation to accompany you and other members and friends of this honored regiment to the spot so eventful in our history. It has been to me an occasion of profound interest and of unmeasured enjoyment; and among the things that will linger longest in my memory, and afford me greatest happiness in the years to come, will be the remembrance of my visit to Gettysburg on the occasion of the dedication of your monument, and to have seen, and to have rode over the ground where was fought the fiercest battle, between the two mightiest armies of modern times, and where the great questions of national unity, liberty and equality were settled forever on these Western shores.

DR. S. G. COOK, late Surgeon of the regiment, was called upon to speak of the services of the medical department of the command, and of the late DR. CORNE-

LIUS N. CAMPBELL, the first Surgeon of the regiment, and delivered a touching eulogy of the deceased. (The address was only given in part, as it was designed for an obituary to be read at the re-union on October 11th, but is here published in full.)

Mr. Chairman and Comrades : It would seem entirely appropriate at a time like this, that something should be said in memory of him, whose name has just been called, and it would seem just as appropriate that I, his lineal military descendant, should say it.

For thirty-five years our lives ran along in parallel grooves in civil, in military and in professional friendship, without a single discord—without one unpleasant word or deed to mar the perfect harmony of our lives.

In the remarks I am about to make, I shall speak of him, 1st (briefly), as a practicing physician ; 2d, as a military Surgeon, and 3d (more extendedly), as a man—as a comrade and as a friend.

As a physician, his career was a success from the very start, and added years only served to increase the confidence of the community in which he labored and to multiply the cases that called upon him for relief. In practicing his profession, the poor, the needy, the outcast would receive his attention as promptly and as faithfully as the wealthy. He was no respecter of persons, or rather, he respected all persons alike. A call to the poor man's humble home and to the rich man's mansion, coming to him simultaneously, the chances are that he would attend the poor man first.

The practice of medicine during the past twenty years has been making prodigious strides. The physician who should now attempt to practice on the lines and by the light of that time would be styled, and would be, an old foggy. Dr. Campbell was not an old foggy in his profession. Although slow in adopting new remedies until their worth had been thoroughly established, he kept well abreast of the times, and was worthy of being classed among successful practitioners.

Perhaps, however, his success depended as much upon the influence he carried with him into the sick room as upon the careful selection and judicious application of remedies. The sick are prone to be despondent, and continued despondency retards convalescence.

A marked characteristic of him was his optimism—or belief that everything was ordered for the best, and this feeling he carried with him into the sick room. He hoped, because he wished, and he imparted new hopes and new resolutions into the minds of the patient and the patient's friends. He filled the sick room with an atmosphere of hope, and left it with that feeling predominant. This is half the battle in medical cures, and if there could be any difference in halves it would be the larger and better half.

As a surgeon both in civil and in military practice he ranked high. He fully appreciated the value of a limb or any part thereof, as well as of a life; and if he erred at all, it was on the side of conservatism, and conservative surgery is as commendable for what it refrains from doing as for what it does. Hence conservative surgery is never brilliant surgery. In this light and accepted in this sense, he was not a brilliant but a practical, conservative surgeon.

The ingredients that go to make up a successful army are many and varied, and if the cause and effect could be traced back to first principles and there thoroughly analyzed and properly computed, it might be found that the surgical department had contributed no unimportant part to the result.

The duties and responsibilities of a medical officer commence with the very incipency of the regiment, where he is called upon to discriminate between the general effectiveness of its future and the avarice and cupidity of the recruiting officer, to whom the semblance of men, raked from the purlieus, the slums, the lazar houses, and the hospitals, count in the numerical scale as much as the farmer from his fields, the mechanic from his shop or the

merchant from his counter. The general who depended for success upon the one would find himself leaning upon "a broken reed," while the other would stand the shock of battle "like a stone wall."

The sanitary watchfulness necessary in the early camp, its location, its drainage, the supervision of the food, etc., is soon transferred to the field, where eternal vigilance is necessary to prevent, as well as to cure, disease. A sick man cannot fight--cannot get to where the fight takes place, and only for the watchfulness and labors of its medical officers, an army would soon be decimated. Then again, there are always so many who think they are sick, and especially is this true on the brink of a battle, that the surgeon's power of discrimination, his knowledge of his men, and his keen insight and knowledge of human nature, are put to the severest test. Should he, under such circumstances, make a mistake, it should be viewed with extreme leniency.

As to whether men would fight better with the knowledge that, if they should become wounded, they have somewhere near them a skillful surgeon, thoroughly equipped with all needful appliances, ready to, and capable of, administering to their necessities, is a question impossible of a positive answer; but the probabilities are strongly in favor of the affirmative. For me to say that Dr. Campbell did his full duty as a surgeon under all circumstances, is only stating a generally acknowledged fact. Take for one instance, the work he did at Kelly's Ford, Va.: We had been hurried from our luxurious quarters in Baltimore, where for six or more months we had been having our regular meals, with fairly good beds to sleep in, and precipitated by forced marches into the battle of Gettysburg, where we were not only initiated in "the baptism of fire," but also into the mysteries of hard tack and bacon as a steady diet, with a scant supply at that. After the battle we started in pursuit of Lee's retreating army, marching every day more than twenty, and on two occasions more than thirty

miles in a pouring rain and through deep mud, compelled to sleep, when sleep was possible, in our wet clothes and on the wet ground. It was in this desperately bad, unsanitary condition, we were thrown in midsummer, in such a climate as Virginia, with its intensely hot days, cool nights, and miserable water. The result was typho-malarial fever, which attacked nearly one-half of the regiment. It was at a time like this that he proved himself equal to the emergency. Both of his assistants had been fever-stricken and sent to the rear; far from well himself, yet with a noble perseverance and an exemplary fortitude did he apply himself to the work before him, and, thanks to his skill and indefatigable industry, succeeded in bringing all through the much-dreaded epidemic. Not a single grave was opened at Kelly's Ford. Of those present here to-night, there are some who are living monuments of his skill.

I will now speak of him as a man, a comrade and a friend: As the morning sun, clouded at its dawn, breaks from its environments and with ardent beams dispels the fogs of the valley--the malaria from the jungle and the mists from the mountain side--and climbing to the zenith of its power, makes the whole earth glad with its presence, and sets at eventide with the lingering halos of a glorious day, murmuring their tender good-byes over its dissolving grandeur, so did he, in the morning of life, dispel whatever fogs and mists had gathered about him; and as he grew into early manhood, shook off all entanglements, dug deep the foundations, built strong the superstructure of honest worth and erected thereon so proudly, so grandly, so honorably, that, long before life's noon was reached, his popularity had been established in all its far-reaching consequences; and he quietly took his unquestioned place among his peers, living honored and respected all down life's western slope, and finally sank to rest, hallowed by the memory of his associates and the tender good-byes of the thousands of the poor and afflicted whose lives, by him, had been made better, health-

ier and happier. In this, my friends, consists *true* nobility. Outside and beyond this the word has no legitimate place in the American vocabulary. Let it (the old-world stamp of nobility) maunder on with constantly losing lustre among the effete and decaying monarchies of the old world; but on American soil it can never take effective root, though fawning sycophants and dudish imitators try never so hard to fertilize it with their absurdities, and water it with their vagaries.

His life was another glorious demonstration of the truth of the familiar couplet in Pope's Essay:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

And from life's sunrise until life's sunset he filled the duties of life's cup to the very brim. Not that he was entitled to any extraordinary credit for so doing either, for he was so constituted that he could not help it; could not help being kind; could not help being true; could not help being honorable; could not help being just, *excepting to himself*. "Flattery is for fools," and the friend that flatters either the living or the dead is a false friend. "Could not help being just, excepting to himself." "Aye, there's the rub." His one great fault,—his one great failing—was his utter neglect of being true to himself; and especially was this true in financial affairs. Why, with the two or three little fortunes that fell in his way, used as a nucleus, with the capacity he had for labor in his chosen profession, and the life-long manner he indulged that capacity,—and had he been properly remunerated for services rendered—the nucleus should have increased and enlarged like a snow ball rolling down hill; and death should have found him the legal possessor of a large segment of this beautiful city.

But the trouble was that he always acted as though the money in his pocket was not rightfully his, but held subject to the call of the first person who might ask for it; and it seemed to matter but little whether the caller

was worthy or unworthy of assistance, with a slight *percentage* of success in favor of the latter.

Of the many instances of his lack of financial ability which, first and last, have come under my direct observation during the many years of my acquaintance with him, I will here relate two.

The first occurred many years ago, "before the war," while he was a resident of the town of Stanford. One afternoon I saw him come driving up the road at a furious pace, and as he reined up I inquired what the trouble was? Why driving so fast? "Get in here and I will tell you on the way over," was his reply. The story he had to tell me was like this:—A family living away off on the hills of Western Stanford, near the town of Clinton, owed him a large sum of money for professional services, and he had just learned that they had sold their real estate and were packing and boxing their household goods preparatory to moving to the far West, and he was going to have the money that was his due, or know the reason why. When he drove up to the house the husband was absent, but the wife was there, and she was equal to the emergency and evidently knew the man. By the time we had got to the door she had got her tear fountains opened, and like the river Isar, they were "rolling rapidly."

A sight like that has unnerved men with harder hearts than Dr. Campbell possessed; and just imagine the effect it had on him; with few words, deftly commingled with sobs, she told him how little ready money the sale of the farm had realized—how the expenses of the long journey were likely to consume it all and probably more; how she was forced to leave the home of her childhood and abide among utter strangers; and—Oh! dear, dear, dear. Well, what was the result? Instead of the bill for services rendered, which he had ridden seven or eight miles to present, he drew forth his wallet, took therefrom a five (5) dollar bill (all it contained) handed it to her, and then bade her good-bye as though that had been his sole

object in coming to see her; and we rode back slower than we rode over. On the way I could not resist the opportunity of chaffing him a little: upon his success as a collector, asked him what *per cent.* he would charge to collect some bills for me, etc. He stood it for a little while, but suddenly turned on me, almost fiercely, and asked, "Well, what would you have done in such a case?" I had to confess that I should probably have done as he did about presenting the bill, but instead of giving her money I would have given her—good advice. After all, he thought it was very fortunate that he had no more money with him, for if he had more she would have received more.

The second instance occurred but a few years ago, right in the city of Poughkeepsie. We were riding down the South road when we met a carriage drawn by a spanking team of bay horses, with silver-mounted harness, silver chains rattling and with liveried driver and footman on the box. The gentleman in the carriage directed his driver to stop as soon as he saw the Doctor, and the two vehicles stopped just abreast of each other. The gentleman in the carriage asked the Doctor why he had not sent his bill as he had requested, to which the Doctor made some indefinite reply, when the other said, "Here, let me pay you something on account," at the same time taking from his pocket a good-sized roll of bills and reaching them as far towards the Doctor as he could without getting out of his carriage. The top bill, as he reached the bundle past me, had two XX's on it, and if they were all of that denomination, there must have been at least \$200 in the roll. But, do you think he took them? Not a bit of it. It would be time enough for him to pay his bill when it was regularly made out and regularly presented; and yet, mark the sequel; before the ride ended he borrowed \$5 of an intimate friend in order to properly meet current expenses.

"O tempora! O mores."

These two instances, and they might be multiplied indefinitely, will sufficiently illustrate his deficiencies as a financier, and how little he appreciated the value of money. Naturally we would have thought, that, with his keen sensibilities and naturally sensitive disposition, he would have learned very early in life the influence money would have in shielding him from unpleasant requirements and awkward situations. But, let us with closed eyes, and "walking backwards," spread the mantle of charity over this one defect in a noble nature, and remember that even the Sun's brilliancy is not greatly obscured by a few dark spots on its face.

To those having only a casual acquaintance with him, and seeing him only with merriment in his eyes, jocularly on his lips and badinage in his speech, it might never occur to them but that this was all—that the froth and bubbles on the goblet's brim was all the goblet contained; but one breath of reality, one puff of generous appeal, and lo! the froth and the bubbles are gone, and we find the goblet filled to the brim with all the qualities that go to make up life's poetry, beauty, sympathy, generosity, manliness and that "rare touch of Nature which makes the whole world akin." We who knew him so well found underneath the froth and the bubbles a vein of admirable wit and humor, united with, and welded to, an excellent understanding, rare reasoning powers, a retentive memory, an indefatigable industry, a dauntless courage; and with it all there was a light in his eye, there was a music in his voice, there was a grasp in his hand and a cheerfulness in his speech, that lifted the burdens from the shoulders of the unfortunate and cheered the pathway of the afflicted.

As the prince of innocent pleasantry, his memory will linger in our hearts like a sweet song too soon closed; like a banquet too soon ended; like a beautiful picture, over which, too soon the curtain falls.

Whenever, during the present year, my mind has gone forward to this gathering—this re-union—there would invariably come to me the words of the old song:

“We shall meet and we shall miss him ;
There will be one vacant chair :”—

and in the years to come, be they few or be they many, what chair in this assemblage, by death made vacant, will be more missed, more regretted, more mourned?

I might well ask, did truer friend ever live? Who is there in this assemblage to whom he never did an act of special kindness? I will venture to reply, not one. Blow off the froth and the bubbles from the goblet's brim, and you would have found underneath a character as firm as a rock, brilliant as a star, artless as a child and as pure as a woman.

He had been endowed by his Creator with a keen sense of humor; but thank God, he never used it as a caustic; never burned you with it; never stabbed you; never used it to hurt your feelings; never to start a tear!

This life, as we all know, has ample facilities for developing tears, and he who can and will, with his wit and humor, drive them away is our guardian, our emancipator, our friend.

A little over two months after our last anniversary meeting, when the days had dwindled to their shortest, and the nights were the longest of the year; when the snows of early winter had begun to fall anew upon the earth, as they had been falling for more than three-score years upon his devoted head, but never a flake of which had fallen upon his heart—which remained to the last as true, as pure and as fresh as at life's morning—he laid down life's burden and entered into rest.

Let us lay the dogmas of orthodoxy as to the unknown future respectfully aside, and apply to him the Great Master's Standard, and ask, “Have you done unto others as you would have them do to you?” “Have you ministered unto the poor and needy?” “Have you visited the sick?” “Have you comforted the afflicted?” “Have you clothed the naked?” “Have you fed the hungry?” Believing he could unhesitatingly say “yes” to every ques-

tion, we will leave him, trusting implicitly to the God who made him.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM R. WOODIN was "detailed" to say something inspiring for, and to, the ladies; he succeeded admirably, as this theme is his *forte*; but as all who know him will admit, the captain is a very modest, retiring man, and averse to giving publicity to his finished, rhetorical, and classical off-hand speeches. Consistently with his invariable custom, he declined giving the editor of this publication the manuscript of his speech, and positively forbade its insertion in the volume—not because it is unworthy a place, but because he is one of the publishers, being a member of the monument committee.

DOCTOR ROBERT K. TUTTILL, when called out by GENERAL SMITH, as the gallant Surgeon of the 145th N. Y. Vols., who called on the 150th Regiment on the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, soon after it arrived on the field, and assured all of his kindly interest in them, responded as follows:—

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen :

When the first battle of Bull Run was decided against the Union, I felt that every loyal man should do what he could to sustain the Government and subdue the Rebellion: I therefore joined the old 20th Regiment, at Kingston, N. Y., in July, 1861, and with it travelled to the front. In about one year I was made Surgeon of the 145th N. Y. Infantry and entered the 12th Army Corps. In this Corps, prior to entering it, I did not know a single man; and thus matters stood until the battle of Gettysburg, when the 150th joined that corps, and I, for the first time, saw the gallant men who composed the only exclusively Dutchess County Regiment. It gave me great comfort and joy to have so many home-friends near, and this happiness was greatly augmented, when I learned that the Regiment was to be permanently attached to that Corps. The 150th, ever since, has seemed near

and dear to me. It came with a high character, and it gives me much pleasure to say that its character was never sullied, but shone with that glowing lustre which comes of sterling integrity, patriotism and devotion to duty. Comrades: I am glad to be with you to-night: to have seen the cap-stone of your beautiful monument placed in position; to have heard the dedicatory speeches; to have witnessed the expression of *satisfaction* on faces once bronzed in loyal service, as that monument was unveiled; to have seen the lines of battle on each day made indelible, and decorated for all time by these imperishable emblems of love; these, or either of them, amply compensate me for my second visit to this historic field.

BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D., was "drafted" to talk about the old war committee, and recounted the efforts made by it to further enlistments and push the cause of the war. He had a personal satisfaction in the record of the 150th—Dutchess' pride—and the erection of its magnificent monument.

JOHN H. PUDNEY, formerly of Baltimore, a friend of the regiment when it was stationed in that city, was one of Gen. Smith's "recruits" for camp-fire duty. He entertained his auditors with pleasing reminiscences of the regiment while in Baltimore, and closed with the assertion that, though he lived in the midst of military operations all through the war, he never really knew what war was until this visit to the battle-field of Gettysburg.

ADJT. WM. H. BARTLETT was ordered to the front to "report," but declined to perform further duty, saying he was better able to "detail" others than to make a speech, and really preferred so doing.

BENJ. W. VAN WYCK, formerly of the 128th N. Y., who, with his partner, was a contractor with Frederick & Field, for the construction of the monument of the 150th,

was requested to "veteranize" by re-enlisting (for the evening only) for special service at the camp-fire, as he had so faithfully performed a soldier's duty in reporting at Gettysburg on time with such an imposing memorial shaft for the regiment. He consented—for a minute—with an acknowledgement of gratitude for the high favor with which the work of the contractors had been received.

The band was "ordered up" at this stage of the "action" and very appropriately played "We won't go home until morning."

U. L. FERGUSON, a one-armed hero of the 57th N. Y., was "mustered in" for a song; but the order being changed, he was permitted to tell about the battles fought before, and at Antietam, that battle being the one which finished his active military career by causing the loss of an arm.

DERRICK BROWN, late of the 128th N. Y., and editor of the Poughkeepsie *Enterprise*, whom everybody expected to hear, and who doubtless was "loaded" for the occasion, did not answer the "call" made to report himself; Capt. Woodin, as the field-officer of the day (it was nearly midnight), was "detailed" to apprehend the "deserter" and bring him before the high court under "charges." But, as neither of them "gave themselves up," the "court martial" was dissolved, and Judge Advocate-General Smith could not "gather-in" a fine.

CAPT. W. S. JOHNSTON, late Provost-Marshal of the 12th Dist., being called to account for the "escape" of so many who were supposed to be in his charge, failed to "report himself." He had been requested to step out of the room at the moment he was called upon, and unbounded merriment was caused by the band immediately striking up "Johnny fill up the bowl." (The leader of the band declared that it was simply a peculiar co-incidence,

and was not intended as a reflection upon either Brown, Woodin, or Johnston; and his statement is here given to set them right. EDITOR.)

JOHN P. ADRIANCE, formerly Captain of the Ellsworth Greys, one of the warmest and most generous friends the regiment ever had, who had been enthusiastic in his applause of the speakers, and in look and manner evidenced his great pleasure, was "drafted" to deliver the closing speech. Not responding, inquiry revealed the fact that only a moment before one of his agents had espied him, and "calling him out," the agent compelled him to listen to a most remarkable tale which he narrated of wonderful success in disposing of *seventy* reapers and binders *upon the battle-field*. Owing to this untoward circumstance, he was deprived the privilege of speaking, as the audience was of listening to him.

GEN. J. H. KETCHAM, it was stated, was too ill to be present, and therefore all would be disappointed in not hearing from him, as he himself was regretful of the cause which prevented his attendance.

MAJOR COLEMAN, proprietor of the Springs Hotel was "ordered out" to express his pleasure in having such a goodly number of handsome ladies and intelligent gentlemen as guests for so lengthy a stay, which duty was performed in such a gratifying manner as only such a courtly, accommodating host could.

And thus, after oratory, eulogy, patriotic sentiments, and solemn, sober sentences had been uttered, as the Grand Army Band floated upon the evening (or morning) breeze the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home," the *last* regimental camp-fire upon the battle-field of Gettysburg was extinguished; the monument was dedicated—the hour for separation was near at hand—and soon farewells were to be spoken—*final leave-taking* for many, certainly—all never to assemble *there*

again. The stern duties of life stared each one in the face—the future, veiled, was all uncertain :—yet HOPE—bright, joyous, radiant—was beckoning every veteran and friend of THE DUTCHESS COUNTY REGIMENT to an Eternal Bivouac upon the camping-ground of the Grand Army Triumphant on the “Evergreen Shore.” May we each clasp hands *there*. EDITOR.



LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT,

(AND THOSE ACCOMPANYING THEM,)

WITH NAMES OF VETERANS OF OTHER COMMANDS, AND
FRIENDS OF THE REGIMENT, who attended the Dedication and re-union Camp-fire.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Gen. John H. Ketcham and daughter, Dover Plains.
Gen. Alfred B. Smith, Poughkeepsie.
Lieut.-Col. Joseph H. Cogswell, Boston, Mass.
Major Henry A. Gildersleeve, wife and two sons, New York.
Adj't. William H. Bartlett and wife, Amenia.
Surgeon Stephen G. Cook, wife and three children, New York.
Surgeon Henry Pearce, Pawling.
Chaplain Edward O. Bartlett, wife and son, Providence, Rhode Island.

BAND.

Benjamin E. Benton, Sharon, Conn.

COMPANY A.

E. N. Sheldon, Dover Plains.
George Rhynus, Washington Hollow.
H. S. Chamberlain, Seymour, Conn.
Luther Westmiller, Poughkeepsie.
Isaac N. Mead, wife and daughter, Amenia.
Michael Fitzpatrick, Milbrook.
Thomas O'Neil, Mabbettsville.
Obed Rosell, South Dover.
Miles K. Lewis, and wife, W. . . .

COMPANY B.

Lieut. Andrew J. Ostrom, Poughkeepsie.
Levi Lumb, Poughkeepsie.
James A. Buys and wife, Poughkeepsie.
Henry J. Weaver, Poughkeepsie.
Seth Pierce and wife, Poughkeepsie.
John Quigley, Poughkeepsie.
Chas. Johnson and wife, Washington, D. C.

COMPANY C.

Henry T. Williams, Poughkeepsie.
Alfred Williams, Poughkeepsie.
Alonzo Vanderburgh, Poughkeepsie.
Per Lee Hoag, Pleasant Valley.
W. H. Oakley, Verbank.
Wm. E. Gurney, Poughkeepsie.
Wm. H. Brower, Creedmoor.
James Newman, Amenia.
Joseph W. Holmes, Millbrook.
B. S. Williamson, Rahway, N. J.
Joseph Wooley and wife, Wassaic.

COMPANY D.

Capt. William R. Woodin and daughter, Poughkeepsie.
Lieut. Robert G. Mooney, New York.
George Scribner, Millerton.
Fred W. Hopper, Hyde Park.
Sanford Eggleston, wife and daughter, Poughkeepsie.
Hiram McNamee, Poughkeepsie.
Joseph McGee, Millerton.

COMPANY E.

Capt. Obed Wheeler, New York.
Lieut. Perry W. Chapman, Pawling.
Albert N. Sherman, Dover Plains.
Gilbert Burhans, South Dover.
D. W. Thomas, Saratoga.
Dunman Whaley, Pawling.

COMPANY E.

Capt. Stephen V. R. Cugger, New York.

Lieut. Samuel H. Paulding and wife, New York.

COMPANY G.

George H. Williams, Poughkeepsie.

Albert Clements, Clove.

Amos D. Griffith, Fishkill Landing.

John E. West and wife, Poughkeepsie.

Egbert M. Lee, Wassaie.

Oscar Welker, Poughkeepsie.

James W. Lynskey, Poughkeepsie.

William Donaldson, South Dover.

COMPANY H.

Hubbard P. Roberts, Poughkeepsie.

John Collins, Greenwich, Conn.

David Malcher, Poughkeepsie.

Michael Leonard, Hyde Park.

James D. C. Stoutenburgh, Washington, D. C.

W. E. Rabell, New York.

COMPANY I.

Lieut. Seneca Humiston, Millerton.

Lieut. Chas. H. Smith, New York.

Charles L. Haines, Stanford.

Daniel S. Dubois, Poughkeepsie.

Platt C. Curtis, Brooklyn.

Edward Florence, Washington Hollow.

Isaac T. Sweezy, Brooklyn.

COMPANY K.

Lieut. Wade H. Steenburgh, Rhinebeck.

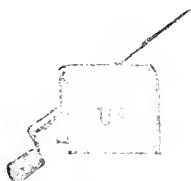
A. Landon Ostrom.

Joseph Knichell, Wappingers Falls.

Jacob Heeb, Rhinebeck.

VETERANS OF OTHER COMMANDS.

- Robert K. Tuthill, surgeon-in-chief 1st Div., 12th A. C.,
and wife, Poughkeepsie.
- H. E. Losey, Colonel — — Reg. U. S. C. T., and wife,
Poughkeepsie.
- Chaplain E. L. Allen, 13th New Jersey, and wife, Po'k.
- J. Cook, 20th N. Y. S. M., and wife, Poughkeepsie.
- B. W. Van Wyck, 128th N. Y., and wife, Poughkeepsie.
- Derrick Brown, 128th N. Y., Poughkeepsie.
- Capt. Elmendorf, 84th Ohio, Poughkeepsie.
- Ira Rudd, 2d N. Y. Cavalry, Wappingers Falls.
- H. T. Smith, 57th N. Y., Wappingers Falls.
- G. H. Abbott, 11th N. Y. Cavalry, Wappingers Falls.
- G. Rush, 7th N. Y. Cavalry, Wappingers Falls.
- A. H. Furman, 40th N. Y., Poughkeepsie,
- W. Wallace Smith, 9th N. Y. S. M., Poughkeepsie.
- J. F. Barnes, 144th N. Y., New Paltz.
- J. H. Marshall, 128th N. Y., Poughkeepsie.
- F. Cornelius, Co. D. 47th N. Y., Poughkeepsie.
- J. E. Townsend, 16th N. Y. Art., Fishkill Landing.
- Capt. W. S. Johnston, Provost Marshall 12th Dist., and
wife, Poughkeepsie.
- U. L. Ferguson, Co. K. 57th N. Y., Poughkeepsie.
- Horace Hart, Co. C. 43d N. Y.
- A. D. Dye, 114th N. Y., Mt. Upton, Chenango County.
- H. B. Eddy, Co. C. 128th N. Y., Amenia.
- Marshall Nye, 95th N. Y., New York.
- A. A. Damiad, 1st N. Y. Light Art., Brooklyn.
- J. H. Swertfager, Co. D. 44th N. Y.; 1st Lieut. 26th U.
S. C. T., Poughkeepsie.
- George E. Bissell, Army and Navy, Poughkeepsie.



FRIENDS OF THE REGIMENT.

Benson J. Lossing, LL. D., and wife, The Ridge.
 Rev. W. F. Hatfield, D.D., Poughkeepsie.
 Rev. A. E. Scoville and wife, Dover Plains.
 Martin Heermance, District Attorney, Rhinebeck.
 Horace D. Hufcut, Surrogate, Poughkeepsie.
 Hon. J. L. Williams, Poughkeepsie.
 John P. Adriance, Poughkeepsie.
 John R. Lent and wife, Poughkeepsie.
 G. W. Owens, editor *Fishkill Journal*, Matteawan.
 Judge A. D. Craig, New Paltz.
 Mrs. Dr. A. B. Harvey, Poughkeepsie.
 Miss Fanny Myers, Poughkeepsie.
 J. U. Abel, Union Vale.
 W. W. Abel, North Clove.
 Miss A. Briggs, Bangall.
 H. J. Howgate, Poughkeepsie.
 D. W. Hitchcock, Poughkeepsie.
 C. W. Storm, Poughkeepsie.
 Henry Tittamer and wife, Poughkeepsie.
 J. H. Griffith, Fishkill Landing.
 Milo F. Winchester and wife, Amenia.
 W. Germond and wife, Hyde Park.
 Frank Shubert and wife, Canajoharie.
 L. M. Ballard, Yonkers.
 J. H. Pudney, Passaic, N. J.
 A. C. Gildersleeve, New York.
 A. A. Marks, Sound Beach, Ct.
 J. P. Van Valkenburgh and daughter, Lexington, Greene
 County.
 U. Field, Brewsters.
 A. B. Warren, Bangall.
 T. G. Beard, Wappingers Falls.
 J. F. Rynus, Washington.
 Jas. H. Dudley, Poughkeepsie.
 John N. Lewis, Anandale.
 Silas M. Downing, Poughkeepsie.

H. Titus, Poughkeepsie.
LeGrand Dodge, Poughkeepsie.
Lewis H. Vail, Poughkeepsie.
Elisha B. Vail, Poughkeepsie.
Mark DuBois, Poughkeepsie.
Dr. Barlow, Poughkeepsie.
Henry T. Lumb, Poughkeepsie.
H. Strang, Dover Plains.
J. V. Bensell, Dover Plains.
J. Richardson, New York.
G. W. Ketcham, Dover Plains.
H. Q. Mack, Catskill Station.
E. Ferris, Pawling.
N. P. Tabor, Dover Plains.
George Whaley, Pawling.
Emma Whaley, Pawling.
G. H. Kinny, Amenia.
Mrs. A. Vanderbeck, New York.
E. D. Gildersleeve, Poughkeepsie.
Mrs. T. Wheeler, South Dover.
Miss Mary Reed, Amenia.
Merritt Conklin, Dover Plains.
Cyrus Stark, Pawling.
J. A. Hanna, Dover Plains.
E. Potter, Wassaic.
F. M. Cutler, Dover Plains.
J. M. Morgan, Dover Plains.
H. B. Rundell, Amenia.
Mrs. Albert Cline, Wassaic.
C. M. Benjamin, Amenia.
Mrs. H. L. Butts and daughter, Dover Plains.
Mrs. J. L. Green, Astoria, L. I.

(NOTE.—The committee has taken great pains to get the above list correct; if there are any errors or omissions, such will not be due to lack of care or effort.)



RESOLUTIONS.

Upon the return trip from Gettysburg, on September 19th, BENSON J. LOSSING, LL. D., prepared, and (through CHAPLAIN E. L. ALLEN) offered, the following resolutions, which were unanimously and vociferously passed :

Resolved, That we hereby offer our heartfelt thanks to Generals John H. Ketcham and Alfred B. Smith, and their associates of the Committee of Arrangements, for their untiring energy and efficient labors in providing for the comfort and happiness of their fellow citizens of Dutchess County, and all others who participated in the dedication ceremonies at Gettysburg, September 17th.

Resolved, That we regret that Mrs. Gridley, the mother of Lieut. Gridley, and Miss Sarah M. Carpenter, treasurer of the monument fund, were not able to be with the 150th on this occasion.



